

THE CRITIC

OF BOOKS, SOCIETY, PICTURES, MUSIC, AND DECORATIVE ART:

A JOURNAL FOR READERS, AUTHORS, ARTISTS, PUBLISHERS, AND ART-MANUFACTURERS.

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Sales by Auction.

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Netzher	P. Neefs	Moucheron	Patel
Hondius	C. Dusart	Weenix	Boucher
Van Lint	Poelemberg	Guardi	Lancet
Van Goyen	De Viéger	Vermeulen	&c.

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MRS. PHILLIPS begs to announce that he is instructed to SELL by AUCTION, at his great Rooms, New Bond-street, on TUESDAY, MAY 30, and following Day, at One precisely, an extensive and valuable COLLECTION of ITALIAN PICTURES, including works by many of the most eminent Masters, and which have been formed by the proprietor, at a great expense, during a long residence at several of the leading cities of Italy. To these will be added a few Dutch pictures, lately purchased by him in France.

More descriptive Particulars will be announced in future advertisements.

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"In the best weekly reviews the public do not expect elaborate criticism—the object of the reviewer is novelty, arrangement, amusement—he wishes to give faithful accounts (which he generally does by extracts) of new publications; and doubtless this, after all, is the proper and exact duty of weekly reviews. Elaborate criticism is seldom light reading; and though the public might once have been, I daresay they could not now longer permit themselves to be seriously interested. Yet altogether the reviews in the best weekly publications are considerably fairer and truer than those in the quarterlies; and in nine times out of ten produce a greater influence on the sale of the book."—BULWER.

JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

HISTORY.

Narrative of the French Revolution of 1848. By WALTER K. KELLY. London, 1848. Chapman and Hall.

NECESSARILY compiled in haste to meet a momentary demand, this narrative is, nevertheless, put together in a very artistic manner, by a hand experienced in the craft of book-making. The facts are, of course, gathered from the newspapers, the author's duties being little more than those of collation, so as to take the most authentic where reporters differed, and arrangement, so as to place the throne of events in the order of time, as nearly as it could be ascertained; for of one portion of the Revolution, and that the most important—the events immediately attending the formation of the Provisional Government—nothing is distinctly known. The volume is profusely illustrated with spirited wood-cuts of scenes of the Revolution, and portraits of the principal persons engaged in it, and it will serve the purpose of reading and reference till time shall supply the materials for a more complete history, and the soberness necessary for treating them dispassionately.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life and Adventures of Oliver Goldsmith. A Biography, in Four Books. By JOHN FORSTER, of the Inner Temple, Barrister. London : Chapman and Hall.

All that has been preserved of the life of GOLDSMITH is already familiar to every reader: the materials were used up;—Mr. FORSTER could offer nothing new in fact, and his claim upon the time and attention of the business or pleasure seeking public must therefore rest wholly upon the manner of the telling, and the introduction of disquisition and conjecture, or of anecdote foreign to the proper object of the story, but permissible according to the custom of biographers, who deem themselves at liberty to introduce the lives and anecdotes of all the acquaintances of their heroes, and even the topographical histories of the places which they chanced to have visited upon some occasion of note. And of this license Mr. FORSTER has largely availed himself. It is not the history of GOLDSMITH only, but of his times; and upon the principle that a contemporary as much belongs to the times as the hero, we see no reason why Mr. FORSTER should not have extended his Biograph to three or four volumes. However, he has been content with one portly octavo, and he is entitled to thanks for his consideration for the time and pockets of his readers. Thus limiting his space, he has used the pruning-knife more vigorously, and produced a work which, as a collection of reminiscences of the times in which GOLDSMITH flourished, and which had to be brought together from many scattered sources, will be acceptable, because agreeable reading, less formal than history, less light than fiction.

We shall not attempt to repeat so familiar a tale as the Life of GOLDSMITH. It will suffice, to introduce the volume to our readers, that we take a few of the more novel anecdotes and facts with which the pages are stored.

This is Mr. FORSTER's sketch of GOLDSMITH, when he started in his career as

AUTHOR BY PROFESSION.

The means of existence, long sought, seemed thus to be found, when, in his twenty-ninth year, Oliver Goldsmith sat down to the precarious task-work of Author by Profession. He had exerted no control over the circumstances in which he took up the pen: nor had any friendly external aid, in an impulse of kindness, offered it to his hand. To be swaddled, rocked, and dandled into Authorship is the lot of more fortunate men: it was with Goldsmith the stern and last resource of his struggle with adversity. As in the country-barn he would have played *Scrub* or *Richard*; as he prescribed for the poorer than himself at Bankside, until worse than their necessities drove him to herd with the beggars in Axe-lane; as in Salisbury-court he corrected the press among Mr. Richardson's workmen; on Tower-hill doled out physic over Mr. Jacob's counter, and at Peckham dispensed the more nauseating dose to young gentlemen at Dr. Milner's academy: he had here entered into Mr. Griffith's service, and put on the livery of the *Monthly Review*. He was a man of letters, then, at last; but had gratified no passion, and attained no object of ambition. The hope of greatness and distinction, day-star of his wanderings and his privations, was at this hour, more than it had ever been, dim, distant, cold. A practical scheme of literary life had as yet struck no root in his mind; and the assertion later years, that he was past thirty before he was really attached to literature and sensible that he had found his vocation is no doubt true. What the conditions of his present employment were, he knew well: that if he had dared to indulge any hopes of finer texture, if he had shewn the fragments of his poem, if he had produced the acts of the tragedy read to Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. Griffiths must have taken immediate counsel on the expenses of his board. He was there, as he had been in other places of servitude, because the dogs of hunger were at his heels. He was not a strong man, as I have said; but neither was his weakness such that he shrank from the responsibilities it brought. When suffering came, in whatever form, he met it with a quiet, manful endurance: no gnashing of the teeth or wringing of the hands. Among the lowest of human beings he could take his place, as he afterwards proved his right to sit among the highest, by the strength of his affectionate sympathies with the nature common to all. And so sustained through the scenes of wretchedness he passed, he had done more, though with little consciousness of his own, to achieve his destiny, than if, transcending the worldly plans of wise Irish friends, he had even clambered to the bishop's bench, or out-practised the whole college of physicians.

We are informed that Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS was a great giver of dinners, and that he adopted that agreeable mode of bringing together the great intellects of all professions. Here is a sketch of one of these.

REYNOLDS'S DINNERS.

They were the first great example that had been given in this country of a cordial intercourse between persons of distinguished pretensions of all kinds; poets, physicians, lawyers, deans, historians, actors, temporal and spiritual Peers, House of Commons men, men of science, men of letters, painters, philosophers, and lovers of the arts, meeting on a ground of hearty ease, good-humour, and pleasantry, which exalts my respect for the memory of Reynolds. It was no prime fine table he set them down to. There was little order or arrangement; there was more abundance than elegance: and a happy freedom thrust conventionalism aside. Often was the dinner board, prepared for seven or eight, required to accommodate itself to fifteen or sixteen; for often, on the very eve of dinner, would Sir Joshua tempt afternoon visitors with intimation that Johnson, or Garrick, or Goldsmith, was to dine there. Nor was the want of seats the only difficulty. A want of knives and forks, of plates and glasses, as often succeeded. In something of the same style, too, was the attendance: the kitchen had to keep pace with the visitors; and it was easy to know the guests

best acquainted with the house, by their never failing to call instantly for bread, beer, or wine, that they might get them before the first course was over and the worst confusion began. Once was Sir Joshua prevailed upon to furnish his table with dinner glasses and decanters; and some saving of time they proved; yet as they were demolished in the course of service, he could never be persuaded to replace them. "But these trifling embarrassments," added Mr. Courtenay, describing them to Sir James Mackintosh, "only served to enhance the hilarity and singular pleasure of the entertainment." It was not the wine, dishes, and cookery, not the fish and venison, that were talked of or recommended: those social hours, that irregular convivial talk, had matter of high relish, and far more eagerly enjoyed. And amid all the animated bustle of his guests, the host sat perfectly composed; always attentive to what was said, never minding what was ate or drank, and leaving every one at perfect liberty to scramble for himself. Though so severe a deafness had resulted from cold caught on the Continent in early life as to compel the use of a trumpet, Reynolds profited by its use to hear or not to hear, or, as he pleased, to enjoy the privileges of both, and keep his own equanimity undisturbed.

Mr. FORSTER has obtained a few original letters of GOLDSMITH'S. This is one to GEORGE COLMAN, then the manager:—

Temple, Garden-court, July 19th.

Dear Sir,—I am very much obliged to you, both for your kind partiality in my favour, and your tenderness in shortening the interval of my expectation. That the play is liable to many objections I well know, but I am happy that it is in hands the most capable in the world of removing them. If, then, Dear Sir, you will complete your favours by putting the piece into such a state as it may be acted, or of directing me how to do it, I shall ever retain a sense of your goodness to me. And indeed tho' most probably this be the last I shall ever write, yet I can't help feeling a secret satisfaction that poets for the future are likely to have a protector who declines taking advantage of their dependent situation, and scorns that importance which may be acquired by trifling with their anxieties. I am, Dear Sir, with the greatest esteem, your most obedient humble servant,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

To George Coleman, esq. Richmond.

And here is another on the same subject:—

My Dear Sir,—Your saying you would play my *Good-natured Man* makes me wish it. The money you advanced me upon Newbery's note, I have the mortification to find is not yet paid, but he says he will in two or three days. What I mean by this letter is, to lend me sixty pound, for which I will give you Newbery's note, so that the whole of my debt will be an hundred, for which you shall have Newbery's note as a security. This may be paid either from my alteration, if my benefit should come to so much; but at any rate, I will take care you shall not be a loser. I will give you a new character in my comedy and knock out *Lofty*, which does not do, and will make such other alterations as you direct. I am, yours,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

A passage in the preface exhibits the author's method of moralising upon his subject:—

Oliver Goldsmith, whose life and adventures should be held to have succeeded in nothing that the world would have had him succeed in. He was intended for a clergyman, and was rejected when he applied for orders; he practised as a physician, and never made what would have paid for a degree. The world did not ask him to write; but he wrote, and paid the penalty. His existence was a continual privation. The days were few in which he had resources for the night, or dared to look forward to the morrow. There was not any miserable want in the long and sordid catalogue which in its turn and in all its bitterness he did not feel. The experience of those to whom he makes affecting reference in his *Animated Nature*, "people who

die really of hunger, in common language of a broken heart," was his own. And when he succeeded at the last, success was but a feeble sunshine on a rapidly approaching decay, which was to lead him by its flickering and uncertain light to an early grave. Self-benefit seems out of the question here ; the way to happiness distant indeed from this. But if we look a little closer, we shall see that he passes through it all without one enduring stain upon the childlike purity of his heart. Much misery vanishes when that is known ; when it is remembered, too, that in spite of it a *Vicar of Wakefield* was written ; nay, that without it, in all human probability, a *Vicar of Wakefield* could not have been written. Fifty-six years after its author's death, a great German thinker and wise man recounted to a friend how much he had been indebted to the celebrated Irishman. "It is not to be described," wrote Goethe to Zelter, in 1830, "the effect that Goldsmith's *Vicar* had upon me, just at the critical moment of mental development. That lofty and benevolent irony, that fair and indulgent view of all infirmities and faults, that meekness under all calamities, that equanimity under all changes and chances, and the whole train of kindred virtues, whatever names they bear, proved my best education ; and in the end," he added with sound philosophy, "these are the thoughts and feelings which have reclaimed us from all the errors of life." And why were they so enforced in that charming book, but because the writer had undergone them all ; because they had reclaimed himself, not from the world's errors only, but also from its suffering and care ; and because his own life and adventures had been the same chequered and beautiful romance of the triumph of good over evil. Though what is called worldly success, then, was not attained by Goldsmith, it may be that the way to happiness was not missed wholly.

There is certainly exaggeration in this estimate of the position of a writer in those days, taken from the account of

GOLDSMITH AS A REVIEWER.

Goldsmith never publicly avowed what he had written in the *Monthly Review*; any more than the Roman poet talked of the millstone he turned in his days of hunger. Men who have been at the galley, though for no crime of their own committing, are not wise to brag of the work they performed there. All he stated was, that all he wrote was tampered with by Griffiths or his wife. Smollett has depicted this lady in his "Antiquated Female Critic;" and when "illiterate, bookselling Griffiths" declared unequal war against that potent antagonist; protesting that the *Monthly* was not written by "physicians without practice, authors without learning, men without decency, or writers without judgment;" Smollett retorted in a few broad unscrupulous lines on the whole party of the rival *Review*. "The *Critical* is certainly not written," he said, "by a parcel of obscure hirelings, under the restraint of a bookseller and his wife, who presume to revise, alter and amend the articles. The principal writers in the *Critical* are unconnected with booksellers, unawed by old women, and independent of each other." Commanded by a bookseller, awed by an old woman, and miserably dependent, one of these obscure hirelings desired and resolved, as far as it was possible, to remain in his obscurity ; but a copy of the *Monthly*, which belonged to Griffiths, and in which he had privately marked the authorship of most of the articles, withdraws the veil. It is for no purpose that Goldsmith could have disapproved, or I should scorn to assist in calling to memory what he would himself have committed to neglect. The best writers can spare much ; it is only the worst who have nothing to spare.

But then it must be remembered that very different indeed from their present condition was that of

PERIODICALS A CENTURY SINCE.

Periodicals were the fashion of the day : they were the means of those rapid returns, of that perpetual interchange of bargain and sale, so fondly

cared for by the present arbiters of literature ; and were now universally the favourite channel of literary speculation. Scarcely a week passed in which a new magazine or paper did not start into life, to die or live as might be. Even Fielding had turned from his *Jonathan Wild the Great*, to his *Jacobite Journal*, *True Patriot*, and *Champion* ; and from his *Tom Jones* and *Amelia*, sought refuge in his *Covent Garden Journal*. We have the names of fifty-five papers of the date of a few years before this, regularly published every week. A more important literary venture, in the nature of a review, and with a title expressive of the fate of letters, the *Grub Street Journal*, had been brought to a close in 1737. Six years earlier than that, for a longer life, Cave issued the first number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Griffiths, aided by Ralph, Kippis, Langhorne, Grainger, and others, followed with the earliest regular *Review* which can be said to have succeeded, and in 1749 began, on Whig principles, that publication of the *Monthly* which lasted till our own day. Seven years later, the Tories opposed it with the *Critical* ; which, with slight alteration of title, existed to a very recent date, more strongly tainted with High Church advocacy and quasi Popish principles, than when the first number, sent forth under the editorship of Smollett in 1756, was on those very grounds assailed. In the May of that year of Goldsmith's life to which I have now arrived, another review, the *Universal*, began a short existence of three years ; its principal contributor being Samuel Johnson, at this time wholly devoted to it.

MR. FORSTER follows up the comparison thus forced upon him between the

LITERARY MEN OF THE 18TH AND 19TH CENTURIES.

When Irene failed, and Johnson was asked how he felt, he answered, "like the Monument;" but when he had arrived at comfort and independence, and carelessly taking up one day his own fine satire, opened it at the lines which paint the scholar's fate and the obstructions almost insurmountable to fortune and fame, he burst into a passion of tears. Not for what he had himself endured, whose labour was at last victoriously closed ; but for all the disastrous chances that still awaited others. It is the world's concern. There is subtle spirit of compensation at work, when men regard it least, which to the spiritual sense accommodates the vilest need, and lightens the weariest burden. Milton talked of the lasting fame and perpetuity of praise, which God and good men have consented should be the reward of those whose published labours have advanced the good of mankind ; and it is a set-off, doubtless, in the large account. The "two carriages" and the "style" of Griffiths are long passed away into the rubbish they sprang from, and all of us will be apt enough now to thank Heaven that we were not Griffiths. Jacob Tonson's hundred thousand pounds are now of less account than the bad shillings he insinuated into Dryden's payments ; and the fame of Mr. Secretary Nottingham is very much overtopped by the pillory of De Foe. The Italian princes who begged Dante are still without pity writhing in his deathless poem, while Europe looks to the beggar as to a star in Heaven ; nor has Italy's greater day, or the magnificence which crowded the Court of Augustus, left behind them a name of any earthly interest to compare with his who restored land to Virgil and who succoured the fugitive Horace. These are results which have obtained in all countries and been confessed by every age ; and it will be well when they win for literature other living regards and higher present consideration than it has as yet been able to obtain. Men of genius can more easily starve than the world, with safety to itself, can continue to neglect and starve them. What new arrangement, what kind of consideration may be required, will not be very distant from the simple acknowledgment that greater honour and respect are due. This is what literature has wanted in England, and not the laced coat and powdered wig which have on rare occasions been substituted for it. The most liberal patronage vouchsafed in this country to living men-of-letters

has never been unaccompanied by degrading incidents ; nor their claims at any time admitted without courtesy or contumely. It is a century and a half since an Act of Parliament was passed to "protect" them, under cover of which their most valuable private rights were confiscated to the public use ; and it is not fourteen years since another Act was passed with a sort of kindly consideration on their behalf, by favour of which the poet and the teacher of dancing, the philosopher and the royal coachman, Sir Christopher Wren's great grand-daughter and the descendant of Charles the Second's French riding-master, are permitted to appear in the same annual charitable list. But though statesmen have yet to learn what the State loses by such unwise scorn of what enlightens and refines it ; they cannot much longer remain ignorant to what extent they are themselves enslaved by the power they thus affect to despise, or of the special functions of government and statesmanship which it is gradually assuming to itself. Its progress has been uninterrupted since Johnson's and Goldsmith's time, and cannot for as many more years remain unacknowledged. Pitt sneered when the case of Burns was stated to him, and talked of literature taking care of itself. It can do so, and in a different and larger sense from what the minister intended ; but can society take care of itself, is also a material question.

Here is a sketch of a literary man of those days,

PAUL HIFFERNAN.

Paul Hiffernan, already mentioned as one of the Grub-street *protégés* of the Purdon and Pilkington class. He was an eccentric, drunken, idle, Irish creature ; educated for a physician, and not without talents and even scholarship ; but a continual victim to what he called *impecuniosity*, and so unprovided with self-help against the disease, that he lived altogether upon the help of other people. Where he lived, however, nobody could ever find out : he gave his address at the Bedford ; and beyond that, curiosity was baffled, though many and most amusing were its attempts to discover more : nor was it till after his death that his whereabouts was found, in one of the wretched little courts out of St. Martin's-lane. He wrote newspaper paragraphs in the morning ; forged for his dinner ; slept out the early part of the night in one of the theatres ; and, in return for certain critical and convivial displays, which made his company attractive after play-hours, was always sure of a closing entertainment at the Black Lion, in Russell-street, or the Cyder Cellar in Maiden-lane.

The death of GOLDSMITH was sincerely mourned by his many friends. He possessed the faculty of endearing himself to them, while they laughed at his oddities and simplicities. It is singular that we always do love those we laugh at ; rarely those we admire. Is it that the one gratifies, the other offends, our self-esteem ? We fear that so it is. Thus, when GOLDSMITH's decease was announced :

GOLDSMITH'S MOURNERS.

When Burke was told, he burst into tears. Reynolds was in his painting-room when the messenger went to him ; but at once he laid his pencil aside, which in times of great family distress he had not been known to do ; left his painting-room, and did not re-enter it that day. Northcote describes the blow as the "severest Sir Joshua ever received." Nor was the day less gloomy for Johnson. "Poor Goldsmith is gone" was his anticipation of the evil tidings. "Of poor dear Doctor Goldsmith," he wrote three months later to Boswell, "there is little more to be told. He died of a fever, made, I am afraid, more violent by uneasiness of mind. His debts began to be heavy, and all his resources were exhausted. Sir Joshua is of opinion that he owed not less than two thousand pounds. Was ever poet so trusted before?" He spoke of the loss for years, as with the tenderness of a recent grief ; and in his little room hung round with portraits of his favourite friends, Goldsmith had the place of honour. "So your poor wild Doctor

Goldsmith," wrote Mrs. Carter to Mrs. Vesey, "is dead. He died of a fever, poor man. I am sincerely glad to hear he has no family; so his loss will not be felt in domestic life." The respectable and learned old lady could not possibly know in what other undomestic ways it might be felt. The staircase of Brick-court is said to have been filled with mourners, the reverse of domestic; women without a home, without domesticity of any kind, with no friend but him they had come to weep for; outcasts of that great, solitary, wicked city, to whom he had never forgotten to be kind and charitable. And he had domestic mourners too. His coffin was re-opened at the request of Miss Horneck and her sister (such was the regard he was known to have for them), that a lock might be cut from his hair. It was in Mrs. Gwyn's possession when she died, after nearly seventy years.

SCIENCE.

Popular Lectures on the Prevailing Diseases of Towns. By WILLIAM KEBBELL, M.D. London, 1848. Whittaker.

At a time when the selfish interests of local jobbers are being interposed to thwart the Government measure for the improvement of the Public Health: when every petty parochial authority asserts its claim to the patronage of disease and death within its precincts, a popular volume like this, pointing out in forcible language the present condition of towns, and the ready means by which sanitary improvements may be effected in them, will be a welcome and efficient assistant in the struggle of the cause of the people against the cause of the jobbers.

Some of the facts stated by Dr. KEBBELL are extremely curious. Of late years disease has been rapidly upon the increase; in 1846 the deaths by typhus doubled those of any preceding year, and in 1847 they exceeded those of 1846. The total increase of deaths in England and Wales during the last year amounted to twenty per cent. and during three months only it is estimated that no less than 10,000 lives were destroyed by causes which there is every reason to believe might be removed.

A few facts will shew how much is within the control of human skill. The deaths in towns are greatly in excess of those in the country—the consequence, doubtless, of unwholesome crowding together in ill-ventilated apartments. But although disease begins, it does not end there. It spreads from the classes who thus live in a worse state than the beasts, to the classes who enjoy the appliances for health and comfort,—their large rooms, abundant food, and regard for the means of health and longevity, will not save them from the insidious visitor from the poor man's hovel, who steals in upon the noiseless air, and breeds the pestilence in their veins, and desolates their homes. An efficient sanitary measure is therefore the common interest of rich and poor, and it will be a disgrace to our age and country if the destruction of thousands of lives and of uncounted happiness and health is to be permitted only because some municipal and parochial personages, clothed in a little brief authority, fear to be deprived of powers they have neglected or abused. We trust that to such interested clamours Parliament will turn a deaf ear, and that, in spite of their hostility, the Bill of Lord MORPETH will be affirmed by such majorities as shall prove that in the British House of Commons the public welfare will never be sacrificed to private interests.

The perusal of this volume will be found very useful to all who take part in the pending

discussions, and equally for its decisive arguments as for its important facts.

The Practical Sugar Planter: a complete account of the Cultivation and Manufacture of the Sugar Cane, according to the latest and most improved processes, &c. By LEONARD WRAY, Esq. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

To our West Indian Colonies, struggling with the difficulties produced by the change from slavery to freedom in their workpeople, and the alteration in commercial legislation which has compelled them to depend upon themselves instead of thriving at the expense of the labourers of England, a volume that addresses itself to the entire subject of the cultivation of the cane, and the process of the manufacture of sugar, cannot but be extremely acceptable, and possess almost a national value. There is no doubt that, like all who rely upon protection instead of their own skill, the agriculture of sugar has hitherto been most unscientifically, and its manufacture most wastefully, conducted; none of the improvements which chemistry and mechanics were introducing at home found their way to the West Indies. The proprietors lived in England, and left the care of their estates to agents, who, as all agents will, managed them either as carelessly as possible, or with a regard to their own personal profits rather than those of their principals.

But now that Sugar is treated like every other commodity, and the growers are not permitted by a monopoly to impose a tax of some two or three millions a year upon the English people in the form of protection, it has become of vital moment to them that they should bestir themselves from their lethargy, and endeavour to keep pace with the progress of the age. In good time appears Mr. WRAY's volume to help them in their need. It gives them all the information that could be required, commencing with the natural history of the sugar-cane, the modes of cultivating it, —the manures that best promote its growth. The subjects of irrigation, and of the implements required, follow, and the work concludes with a minute description of the construction and arrangement of a sugar and rum manufactory, and of the machinery used; the processes of manufacture, and, finally, the distillation of rum. These are illustrated, and made still more intelligible by numerous engravings.

The subject is not one which offers materials for extract, and therefore we can do no more than heartily recommend this volume to the attention of those who are in any way interested in the subject of which it treats. To them it will be beyond price.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Eastern Life, Present and Past. By HARRIET MARTINEAU. In 3 vols. Moxon, 1848.

MISS MARTINEAU possesses the most manly mind of any woman of her age. Madame DUDEVANT, better known as GEORGE SAND, although aping the man in name, and, as it is said, in dress, does not think nor write like a man. Her air, gait, and voice, betray the woman; her intellect, acute and daring as it is, is not capacious. She cannot comprehend an entire subject, view it on all sides, and deal with it upon principles of common sense, as men are wont to do, after experience of the world has shewn them the difference between fancy and fact and they have learned to become men of business, instead of dreamers.

But Miss MARTINEAU is essentially a *sensible* woman; the genuine feminine of the sensible Englishman; to the tenderness of the woman, she unites the clear-headedness and capacity for thought which, but for such a living testimony to the contrary, we should certainly have pronounced to be the exclusive characteristic of our sex. Hence her popularity in England, where good sense is always the quality most appreciated, because it is that for which our countrymen are most distinguished. Very few of us can thoroughly sympathise with the poetical, or the romantic, or the enthusiastic temperament; but we can all enjoy an author who appeals to our common sense in intelligible language. Miss MARTINEAU's *Illustrations of Political Economy* are, probably, the most sensible tales the world possesses. Next to these, she certainly excels as a tourist; for she is not a mere sketcher, but introduces much that is valuable in the way of reflection and disquisition. She appears to be aware that the person who undertakes to give to the world a narrative of a travel, promises something more than merely a descriptive catalogue of objects beheld, or a collection of anecdotes of adventure. The tourist must suppose himself acting the part of a companion to his readers in an imaginary travel *they* are taking, and talk to them as he would or ought to have done had they been really roaming together, and he was acting in the capacity of guide and tutor. This is the plan upon which Miss MARTINEAU has composed her *Eastern Life*, and the consequence is, that although we have not the *raciness* of *Eothen*, or the sketchiness of Mr. WARBURTON, we reap a great deal more information than from either; the gentlemen have amused, but the lady has instructed us.

Miss MARTINEAU's route was hackneyed enough. She ascended the Nile, visited the Pyramids, thence to Jerusalem, Damascus, and Baalbec. All these have been described at least fifty times during the last twenty years. But what of that? It is not for a daguerreotype picture of the places that we peruse Miss MARTINEAU's volumes or any others, but to learn the aspect in which they presented themselves to the particular traveller. It is Miss MARTINEAU's views of them, and the thoughts they suggested to *her* that we are desirous to know; because the naked fact that such things are, is, in itself, a mere idle curiosity, unless that knowledge be used to suggest other ideas, and to stimulate to thought. Again, such is the sympathy of mind with mind, that we are always anxious to know what a traveller *felt* when he beheld some objects of curiosity or fame; the impressions they produced upon him; the train of ideas they inspired. In this Miss MARTINEAU is singularly effective. Every thing she sees habitually suggests reflection in her, hence there is no place so traversed to which she would not write a tour that would be full of interest. Nothing is barren to the observant and the thoughtful. It would be easy to make three volumes of vast interest, attraction, and novelty, out of a tour from St. Paul's Churchyard to Hampstead Heath—at least, to Miss MARTINEAU and minds of her class. What, then, must be the effect of scenes—often described, indeed, but yet not familiar—such as those through which she has lately travelled?

The result is a delightful and useful book, abounding in graphic description and in profound reflections—stuffed with good sense, which never degenerates into commonplace, and exciting our sympathies by the revelations of feelings. If we have any complaint to prefer, it is of the historical essays, which are not

essential to the understanding of the subsequent narrative, and appear somewhat out of place, disturbing the current of ideas which are going along with the traveller, and hazarding the temper of readers, who may deem such matter a bore, and lay down the book never to resume it, rather than resort to the permissible practice of "skipping." We would have struck out all the historical disquisition, and thus reduced the work to two volumes, which would at the same time have made it more popular, and, by diminishing its cost, have extended its sale.

These volumes, for some unknown reason, have not been sent to us for review, as is the courteous custom with publishers to those who do them the great service of reviewing their books, so that we have been compelled to obtain it from a circulating library; therefore, we shall not be able to extract so largely from it as otherwise we should have done, or as its merits and interest would demand. We glean, to illustrate our observations, a few passages whose length will best permit the labour of copying.

Here is a specimen of her descriptive powers:—

A SCENE ON THE NILE.

Our ride to the rock of Abooseer occupied an hour and a half. Thanks to the cool north wind, we highly enjoyed it. Our way lay through a complete desert, over sand-hills, and among stony tracts, where scarcely a trace of vegetation is to be seen. In such places the coloquintus is a welcome object, with its thick, milky leave and stalks, and its velvet blossom. The creeping, thorny coloquintida, too, with its bitter apples, is a handsome plant; or it looked so to us, in the absence of others. Here and there amidst the dreary expanse, or half hidden in some sandy dell, lay the bleached skeleton of a camel. The only living things seen were a brood of partridges and a jerboa—a graceful and most agile little creature, whose long extended tail, with its tufted end, gave it a most distinctive appearance. Some of our people started off in pursuit, and would not give up for a long time, making extreme efforts to keep the little creature in view, and drive it in one another's way; but it baffled them at last, and got back to its hole. We rode to the foot of the rock of Abooseer, and then ascended it,—in rather heavy spirits, knowing that this was to be our last look southwards. The summit was breezy and charming. I looked down the precipice on which I stood, and saw a sheer descent to the Nile of 200 feet. The waters were gushing past the foot of this almost perpendicular crag: and from holes in its strata flew out flocks of pigeons, blue in the sunshine. The scene all round under that wide heaven was wild beyond description. There was no moving creature visible but ourselves and the pigeons; and no trace of human habitation but the ruins of two mud huts, and of a white building on the Arabian shore. The whole scene was composed of desert, river, and black basaltic rocks. Round to the north, from the south-west, there is actually nothing to be seen but blackish, sand-streaked rocks near at hand, and sandy desert further off. To the north-east, the river winds away, blue and full, between sands. Two white sails were on it at the moment. From the river, a level sand extended to the soft-tinted Arabian hills, whose varied forms and broken lights and shadows were on the horizon nearly from the north round to the south-east. These level sands then give place to a black rugged surface, which extends to where two summits,—to-day of a bright amethyst hue,—close the circuit of vision. These summits are at a considerable distance on the way to Dongola. The river is hidden among the black rocks to the south, and its course is not traceable till it peeps out, blue and bright, in two or three places, and hides itself again among the islets. It makes a great bend while thus hidden, and reappears much more to the east. It has now reached the part properly called the Second Cataract; and it comes sweeping down towards the rock on which we

stood, dashing and driving among its thousand islets, and then gathering its thousand currents into one, to proceed calmly on its course. Its waters were turbid in the rapids, and looked as muddy where they poured down from shelf or boulder as in the Delta itself: but in all its calm reaches it reflected the sky in a blue so deep as it would not do to paint. The islets were of fantastic forms,—worn by the cataracts of ages: but still, the outlines were angular, and the black ledges were graduated by the action of the waters, as if they had been soft sand. On one or two islands I saw what I at first took for millet-patches: but they were only coarse grass and reeds. A sombre brownish tamarisk, or dwarfed mimosa, put up its melancholy head here and there; and this was all the vegetation apparent within that wide horizon.—I doubt whether a more striking scene than this, to English eyes, can be anywhere found.

This was her

FIRST SIGHT OF THE PYRAMIDS.

When we had passed Werdan, about 4 p.m. Mr. E. came to me with a mysterious countenance, and asked me if I should like to be the first to see the Pyramids. We stole past the groups of careless talkers, and went to the bows of the boat, where I was mounted on boxes and coops, and shewn where to look. In a minute I saw them, emerging from behind a sand-hill. They were very small, for we were still twenty-five miles from Cairo; but there could be no doubt about them for a moment, so sharp and clear were the light and shadow on the two sides we saw. I had been assured that I should be disappointed in the first sight of the Pyramids; and I had maintained that I could not be disappointed, as of all the wonders of the world, this is the most literal, and, to a dweller among mountains, like myself, the least imposing. I now found both my informant and myself mistaken. So far from being disappointed, I was filled with surprise and awe; and so far was I from having anticipated what I saw, that I felt as if I had never before looked upon any thing so new as those clear and vivid masses, with their sharp blue shadows, standing firm and alone on their expanse of sand. In a few minutes they appeared to grow wonderfully larger; and they looked lustrous and most imposing in the evening light. This impression of the Pyramids was never fully renewed. I admired them every evening from my window at Cairo, and I took the surest means of convincing myself of their vastness by going to the top of the largest; but this first view of them was the most moving, and I cannot think of it now without emotion.

How very graphic is her account of

A RIDE IN CAIRO.

I like donkey-riding in Cairo. I never tried it out of Egypt, except for a few miles in Palestine: but I do not suppose it is the same thing anywhere else. The creatures are full of activity; and their amble is a pleasant pace in the streets. * * * The little rogues of donkey-boys were always ready and eager, close by the hotel; hustling each other to get the preference; one displaying his English with "God save the Queen ros bif;" another smiling amiably in one's face; and others kicking and cuffing, as people who had a prior right, and must relieve us of encroachers. Then off we went briskly through the Ebzkeeyeh, under the acacias, past the water-carriers, with their full skins on their left shoulder, and the left hand holding the orifice of the neck, from which they could squirt water into the road, or quietly fill a jar at pleasure; past the silent smoking party, with their long chibouques or serpentine narghehs; past the barber, shaving the head of a man kneeling and resting his crown on the barber's lap; past the veiled woman with her tray of bread—thin, round cakes; past the red and white striped mosque, where we looked up to the gallery of the minaret, in hope of the muezzin coming out to call the men to prayer; past a handsome house or two, with its rich lattices, its elaborate gateway, and its shade of trees in front, or of shrubs within the court, of which we might obtain a tempting glimpse; past Shepherd's hotel, where English gentlemen might be seen going in and out,

or chatting before the door; past a row of artisan dwellings, "here the joiner, the weaver, and the maker of slippers were at work, with their oriental tools, and in their graceful oriental postures—and then into the bazaars.

As an instance of Miss MARTINEAU'S manner of interesting her readers in her feelings and reflections, we select these

IMPRESSIONS OF EGYPT.

I find here in my journal the remark which occurs oftener than any other—that no preconception can be formed of these places. I know that it is useless to repeat it here; for I meet everywhere at home people who think, as I did before I went, that between books, plates, and the stiff and peculiar character of Egyptian architecture and sculpture, Egyptian Art may be almost as well known and conceived of in England as on the spot. I can only testify, without hope of being believed, that it is not so; that instead of ugliness, I found beauty; instead of the grotesque, I found the solemn; and where I looked for rudeness, from the primitive character of Art, I found the sense of the soul more effectually reached than by works which are the result of centuries of experience and experiment. The mystery of this fact sets one thinking, laboriously; I may say, painfully. Egypt is not the country to go to for the recreation of travel. It is too suggestive and too confounding to be met but in the spirit of study. One's powers of observation sink under the perpetual exercise of thought: and the lightest-hearted voyager, who sets forth from Cairo eager for new scenes and days of frolic, comes back an antique, a citizen of the world of six thousand years ago, kindred with the mummy. Nothing but large knowledge and sound habits of thought can save him from returning perplexed and borne down;—unless, indeed, it be ignorance and levity. A man who goes to shoot crocodiles and flog Arabs, and eat ostriches' eggs, looks upon the monuments as so many strange old stone-heaps, and comes back "bored to death with the Nile;" as we were told we should be. He turns back from Thebes, or from the First Cataract;—perhaps without having even seen the Cataract, when within a mile of it, as in a case I know; and he pays his crew to work night and day, to get back to Cairo as fast as possible.

Her narrative skill is admirably shewn in this account of

THE ASCENT OF THE CATARACT OF THE NILE.

It was a curious scene: the appearing of the dusky natives on all the rocks around; the eager zeal of those who made themselves our guards, holding us by the arms, as if we were going to gaol, and scarcely permitting us to set our feet to the ground, lest we should fall; and the daring plungings and dippings of man or boy, to obtain our admiration or our baksheesh. A boy would come riding down a slope of roaring water as confidently as I would ride down a sand-hill on my ass. Their arms, in their fighting method of swimming, go round like the spokes of a wheel. Grinning boys popped into the currents; and little seven-year old savages must haul at the ropes, or ply their little poles when the kandja approached a spike of rock, or dive to thrust their shoulders between its keel and any sunken obstacle; and after every such feat they would pop up their dripping heads, and cry "baksheesh." I felt the great peculiarity of this day to be my seeing for the first and probably for the only time in my life, the perfection of savage faculty: and truly it is an imposing sight. The quickness of movement and apprehension, the strength and suppleness of frame, and the power of experience in all concerned this day, contrasted strangely with images of the bookworm and the professional man at home, who can scarcely use their own limbs and senses, or conceive of any control over external realities. I always thought in America, and I always shall think, that the finest specimens of human development I have seen are in the United States; where every man, however learned and meditative, can ride, drive, keep his own horse, and roof his own dwelling, and every woman, how-

ever intellectual, can do, if necessary, all the work of her own house. At home, I had seen one extreme of power, in the meagre helpless beings whose prerogatives lie wholly in the world of ideas; here I saw the other, where the dominion was wholly over the power of outward nature: and I must say, I as heartily wished for the introduction of some good bodily education at home as for intellectual enlightenment here. * * * Throughout the four hours of our ascent, I saw incessantly that though much is done by sheer force—by men enough pulling at a rope strong enough—some other requisites are quite as essential; great forecast, great sagacity, much nice management among currents and hidden and threatening rocks, and much knowledge of the forces and subtleties of wind and water. The men were sometimes plunging to heave off the boat from a spike or ledge; sometimes swimming to a distant rock, with a rope between their teeth, which they carried round the boulders; then squatting upon it, and holding the end of the rope with their feet, to leave their hands at liberty for hauling. Sometimes a man dived to free the cable from a catch under water; then he would spring on board, to pole at any critical pass; and then ashore, to join the long file who were pulling at the cable. Then there was their patience and diligence; very remarkable when we went round and round an eddy many times, after all but succeeding, and failing again and again from the malice of the wind. Once this happened for so long, and in such a boisterous eddy, that we began to wonder what was to be the end of it. Complicated as were the currents in this spot, we were four times saved from even grazing the rocks, when, after having nearly got through, we were borne back, and swam round to try again. The fifth time, there came a faint breath of wind, which shook our sail for a moment, and carried us over the ridge of foam. What a shout there was when we turned into still water! The last ascent but one appeared the most wonderful: the passage was twice over so narrow, barely admitting the kandjia, the promontory of rock so sharp, and the gush of water so strong; but the big rope, and the mob of haulers on the shore and the islets heaved us up steadily, and as one might say naturally, as if the boat took her course advisedly. Though this passage appeared to us the most dangerous, it was at the last that the R's of the Cataract interfered to request us to step ashore. We were very unwilling; but we could not undertake the responsibility of opposing the local pilot: he said that it was mere force that was wanted here, the difficulty being only from the rush of the waters, and not from any complication of currents. But no man would undertake to say that the rope would hold; and if it did not, destruction was inevitable. The rope held; we saw the boat drawn up steadily and beautifully, and the work was done. Mr. E. who has great experience in nautical affairs, said that nothing could be cleverer than the management of the whole business. He believed that the feat could be achieved nowhere else, as there are no such swimmers elsewhere.

Of the same class is this picture of

A PASS.

At last, we were brought to a stop, where we agreed that there were two roads, if any. The promontory before us jutted out too far to make it prudent to take the water without guidance: and there was besides only a stony wadee which looked as if nobody ever had passed through it, or ever would. So we made our camels kneel, and waited on our saddles. Others who came up did the same, till we were a curious kneeling party. Bishara passed us at length, and led the way up the stony wadee. We little knew what we were entering upon: and if any one had told us that it was the pass to Wadee Negabah, the words would have conveyed to us no more than they probably now do to my readers. The ascending wadee narrowed to a pass of steeper ascent; and the pass to a mere mountain road; and then, the road to a staircase: a zigzag staircase of steep, irregular steps, so completely without pause, that the great anxiety of everybody was to keep his camel going, because

every one behind was in suspension,—hanging between two steps, so that any stoppage must be worse than inconvenient. Many would have been glad to dismount: but they must not stop even for that moment. The way was also too narrow for alighting safely. One lady jumped off; and then was in a great agony because her camel resisted being pulled forward; and there was not room for her to pass behind, to drive it. The next in the string applied his stick to good purpose; so that we were relieved from our hanging attitude. During that minute, I could glance behind me; and most striking was the picture of the sandy and stony areas below, with the long-drawn caravan winding far beneath and up the steep. Our position must have looked terrific to the hindmost. At the top, we found ourselves on a pinnacle;—a mere point, whence the way down looked more threatening than that we had passed. I could not allow myself a single moment here; for the camels were still tail to nose all the way down; and in the same way must they descend the tremendous zigzag before me. Most of the gentlemen contrived to slip off here; but there was no room or time for me, in the precise spot I occupied, to do so: so I set myself firm in my stirrups, and determined to leave it to my camel how to accomplish the break-neck descent. Only two besides myself rode down the whole way; and I believe we were all surprised that every one arrived at the bottom in safety. There were a few slips and falls; but no harm done. The ridge of a camel is a great height from which to look down on, not only the steepest turns of sharp zigzag on the side of a precipice, but long slippery stone steps, in quick succession. I depended altogether upon my stirrups; a pair hung short over the front peg of the saddle, which save the necessity of resting one's foot on the camel's neck in any steep descent, are a great help in keeping one steady. I do not think such a pass as this could be accomplished without them.

Now for a specimen of disquisition on

ART IN EGYPT.

One other obligation which the Egyptians owe to the Desert struck me freshly and forcibly from the beginning of our voyage to the end. It plainly originated their ideas of art. Not those of the present inhabitants, which are wholly Saracenic still; but those of the primitive race, who appear to have originated art all over the world. The first thing that impressed me in the Nile scenery, above Cairo, was the singularity of almost all forms. The trees appeared almost the only exception. The line of the Arabian hills soon became so even as to give them the appearance of being supports of a vast table-land, while the sand heaped up their bases was like a row of pyramids. Elsewhere, one's idea of sand-hills is, that of all round eminences they are the roundest; but here their form is generally that of truncated pyramids. The entrances of the caverns are square. The masses of sand left by the Nile are square. The river-banks are graduated by the action of the water, so that one may see a hundred natural Nilometers in as many miles. Then, again, the forms of the rocks, especially the limestone ranges, are remarkably grotesque. In a few days, I saw, without looking for them, so many colossal figures of men and animals springing from the natural rock, so many sphinxes and strange birds, that I was quite prepared for any thing I afterwards met with in the temples. The higher we went up the country, the more pyramidal became the forms of even the mud houses of the modern people; and in Nubia they were worthy, from their singularity, of old Egypt. It is possible that the people of Abyssinia might, in some obscure age, have derived their ideas of art from Hindostan, and propagated them down the Nile. No one can now positively contradict it. But I did not feel on the spot that any derived art was likely to be in such perfect harmony with its surroundings as that of Egypt certainly is; a harmony so wonderful as to be perhaps the most striking circumstance of all to an European, coming from a country where all art is derived, and its main beauty therefore lost. It is useless to speak of the beauty of Egyptian architecture and sculpture to those who, not going to

Egypt, can form no conception of its main condition—its appropriateness. I need not add, that I think it worse than useless to adopt Egyptian forms and decoration in countries where there is no Nile and no Desert, and where decorations are not, as in Egypt, fraught with meaning—pictured language—messages to the gazer.

One of the best descriptive passages in the work is the narrative of her

VISIT TO PETRA.

The ground was damp in patches, and there was dew upon the weeds. Never before did dewdrops look so bright to us. The rocks here were in towering masses, appearing distinct from each other, and most fantastic in their colours and surfaces. I should not have believed that any purely natural tinting could have been too bright for the eye of the lover of nature; but here, the colouring of the rocks is distressingly gaudy. The veining of the surface is singular. Every one cried out "Mahogany!" and the veining is like that of mahogany; but the colours of this veining are like nothing to be seen anywhere else—scarlet, maroon, sky-blue, white, lilac, black, grey, and green! A stain of sky-blue and grey winds away in a ground of crimson; and a ribbon of scarlet and white in a ground of lilac, and so on. The stone is extremely friable, so that the mere rubbing with the finger-end turns it into dust. The corrosion of the surface of the rocks by time and weather has so much the appearance of architectural intention, that it is at first difficult in Petra itself to distinguish the worn from the chiselled face of the precipices: and while approaching Petra, one seems to be perceiving the rudiments of the wonders of the place to come. Alternating with these towering precipices, and at times surmounting them, are rounded eminences which look like downs, both from their forms and the greenish hue which is spread over them by their being strewn with the spines of the tamarisk. Tufted with blackish shrubs, they are not beautiful; but no characteristic of this singular scenery is more distinctive than the contrast between the gaudy precipices and the pale mountains behind. At the summit of the first steep and slippery pass, we looked abroad upon a noble view, of the billowy sea of mountains round about us, the partially sunned Desert stretching to the horizon, the sinuous and tufted wadées looking like desert paths among the sandhills and nearer rocks, and our camel train winding for a mile back among the pass and recesses below. * * * Finding that we were not to arrive by the entrance which Laborde declares to be the only one,—the Sîkh,—I determined not to dismount, in order to ascertain whether there really was more than one entrance practicable for beasts of burden. I entered Petra first (after the guide), and can testify to the practicable character of this entrance, as I did not alight till we reached the platform above the watercourse. Petra might be said to begin from that first excavation. For nearly an hour longer we were descending the pass, seeing first, hints at façades, and then, more and more holes clearly artificial. Now red poppies and scarlet anemones and wild oats began to show themselves in corners where there was a deposit of earth: yet the rocks became more and more wild and stupendous, while, wherever they presented a face, there were pediments and pilasters, and ranges of door-ways, and little flights of steps scattered over the slopes. A pair of eagles sprang out, and sailed over head, scared by the noise of the strangers; and little birds flew abroad from their holes, sprinkling their small shadows over the sunny precipices. Nothing gave me such an idea of the vastness of the scale of every thing here as those little birds and their shadows. What a life it must have been,—that of the men of old who gathered their comforts about them in such homes as these, and led their daily course among these streets and areas of Nature's making, where the echoes, still busy as ever, mingled the voices of men with the scream of the eagle and the gush of the torrent! What a mixture of wild romance with the daily life of a city! It was now like Jinnee land; and it seemed as if men were too small

ever to have lived here. Down we went, and still down, among new wonders, long after I had begun to feel that this far transcended all I had ever imagined. On the right hand now stood a column, standing alone among the ruins of many, while on the left were yet more portals in the precipice, so high up that it was inconceivable how they were ever reached. The longer we stayed, and the more mountain temples we climbed to, the more I felt that the inhabitants, among their other peculiarities, must have been winged. At length, we came down upon the platform above the bed of the torrent, near which stands the only edifice in Petra.

AN ADVENTURE.

Two of the gentlemen and I found ourselves in a cave which was cold, without guide or dragoman, while the rain was coming down like a shower-bath. We waited and watched; and a very pretty thing it was to, watch the little white torrents dashing down from the summits, here and there, as far as we could see. But these same waterfalls were sending streams down the intervals of the slopes before us—in some places already ankle-deep. The whole sky was one dark-grey; and it struck me that, not only was there no prospect of its clearing up, but that we were too far from home to run the risk of further delay. My companions objected that we had no guide, and were quite ignorant of the way; whereas somebody would certainly be coming soon to look for us. I had a pocket-compass with me, however, and was quite sure of the general direction. I knew that the tents lay south-west, on the other side of the water-course. So off we went, as straight as an arrow—across gullies, over hills, through ankle-deep water—for it was no time for picking and choosing our footing. One of my companions was lame that day; but on he must go, over stone-heaps and through pools. We found a way down into the water-course—walked many yards along it, knowing now where we were—and got out of it not far from our platform. Within three minutes, before I had half put off my wet clothes, I heard a shout; the torrent had come down. Down it came, almost breast-high, rushing and twirling among the thickets and great stones in the water-course, giving us a river in a moment, where we had never dreamed of hoping to see one! As soon as I could I ran out to the verge of the platform; and I shall never forget the sight. It was worth any inconvenience and disappointment. We forgot the dripping tent, from which little rills ran upon our bedsteads; we forgot the lost hours of this last day, and our damp wardrobes, and all our discomforts. There was the muddy torrent—or rather the junction of two torrents, which divided the channel between them for some way; the one which had come from the Sikkh, and past the theatre, being muddy, and the other, from the north-east, being clear. On came the double stream, bowing and waving the tamarisks and oleanders—the late quarters of the Arabs who were now looking on from the opposite bank! Just before sunset I went to look again. The white waterfalls were still tumbling from the steeps; and the whole scene was lighted up by a yellow glow from the west, where the sky was clearing. The torrent was still dashing along, making eddies among the stones; and beyond it, in a thicket, under a wall of rock, was a group of Arabs round a fire, whose smoke curled up above the trees. At night I went out once more; and that was the finest of all. The torrent was too deep within its banks to be touched by the moon, which was now shining brightly. The waters could scarcely be seen, except in one spot where they caught a gleam from an Arab fire. But at this hour its rush seemed louder than ever. I was startled to see how many were looking at it with me. All along the opposite ridge, and on every point of the descent, were dim figures of Arabs; and in the precipices there was quite an illumination. Row beyond row of the caves gave out yellow gleams; and in the moonlight rose little pillars and wreaths of white smoke. The Arabs had come up from the whole country round, at the sound of the waters; and I had seen Petra populous once more.

We conclude, at least for the present, with an account of

POLYGAMY IN EGYPT.

One of our quiet Nubians, twenty-five years of age, had already two wives; and by what we heard of his life at home, he might well be content on board the boat. As Alee observed, a rich man may put his wives into different apartments, but the poor man cannot; and the women quarrel fiercely and incessantly. This Nubian had to carry presents for his two wives after every voyage; and if they were not precisely alike, there was no end to the wrangling. Alee called this permission to have more than one wife a very bad part of his religion. He was not yet married at all; and he did not intend to marry till he should have obtained money enough by his present employment to enable him to settle down in a home of his own. One of my friends one day expressed a hope that he would be careful in the choice of a wife; so careful in assuring himself of her temper and goodness, as not to be tempted to put her away, as husbands in Egypt do so lightly and cruelly. Alee did not quite promise this; but gave an account of what plan he should pursue, which shews how these matters are regarded by sensible young men in Egypt. He said he should buy a White wife, when he wanted to settle. He should tell her what he expected of her—viz. to be good-tempered; to make him comfortable; and to take care of his "boys." If she failed, he should, the first time, tell her his mind "very strongly." And then, if she got out of temper, or was negligent a second time, he should "just put her away." This was said with the gesture of Othello at the words "whistle her down the wind."

Should an opportunity offer, we may return to these volumes. But, in the meanwhile, we recommend them to be bought or borrowed by all our readers.

FICTION.

Fashion and its Votaries. By Mrs. MABERY. In 3 vols. London, 1848. Saunders and Otley.

If an attractive title will command success, Mrs. MABERY has been happy in the choice of hers. But in these days of democracy, we would earnestly recommend to her, and to all, indeed, who are admitted into the mysteries of the little world she professes to paint, to preserve the strictest silence upon its sayings and doings: to reveal nothing to the great world without of the proceedings within; and, above all, not to pander to vulgar curiosity in the form of a novel which paints only half the picture. There is danger lest, by the unthinking, the half should be taken for the whole, and the real aristocracy of England share the contempt which must be felt for the herd of brainless coxcombs and heartless flirts with whom Mrs. MABERY has filled her canvass in the sketch before us.

There is the more fear of this, because Mrs. MABERY is an attractive writer. She sketches vigorously and well, and having a satirical turn, she is enabled to throw into her characters touches of the ridiculous or the foolish, which give them life and reality; we are conscious that she is drawing after nature, with only the exaggeration always allowable, and as some say, necessary, to the artist. The personages who figure here are familiar in the salons of London, may be seen at all the regular balls and public places, at the regular times, and form the substance of every fashionable assembly. But our country readers must not imagine that the circle called the fashionable one is the aristocratic one;—on the contrary, they are as distinct and as unlike in manner, in habits, in aspect, and in composition, as are those of the fashionable and the *bourgeoise*. The true aristocracy disown the *fashionable* world altogether; they dislike, despise, and

avoid it; they neither follow its caprices, nor care for its censures.

Bearing this in mind, Mrs. MABERY's novel may be read with amusement and profit. She describes with wonderful truth a set with which she is familiar, and there is no class, however worthless, which will not yield abundant material for reflection and teach many practical lessons of wisdom. We shall learn at least, from this picture of one much envied and sought after by those who know not its true character, that wealth alone will not make the gentleman, and that a large establishment is not a substitute for brains; we shall discover that there is no happiness where there is no employment, and that in the absence of useful occupation for the mind, it wastes itself upon trifles, or plunges into dissipation for the sake of the excitement of sinning; we shall feel more than ever assured that pleasure, lies not in possession but in acquiring, and that he who is making his way is a much happier man than he who has made it.

We take one specimen only, the portrait of a prominent person in this novel.

MRS. CONWAY.

It was nearly sunset one evening, when Mrs. Conway, having walked at least twenty times from her sofa to the window, and as often returned, took the desperate resolution of removing the whole of her little work-table from its habitual corner, to the seat under the verandah. She established herself comfortably in the shade, and, surrounded by her balls of worsted, appeared less uneasy than she had been during the last hour, although the constant glances which she cast towards the far-off road, shewed that she was in expectation of some arrival. It was very seldom that Mrs. Conway was alone; but this day happened to be a solitary one, and, from the indolence of her habits, one of total seclusion. Mr. Conway had taken her carriage and horses to a distance, having actually left home to pay a visit to an old friend, and he was not expected to return until the following day. Ellen had gone to take her usual evening's ride, and Mrs. Conway remained sole tenant of Glyndon Cottage. Mrs. Conway was one of those persons to whom solitude, even for a few hours, is actual suffering. Without mind, without education, she had no resources within herself, and constantly depended upon others, and accidental circumstances for amusement or even occupation. Her society was not disagreeable, because she was so much interested in the most trifling affairs of others, as to give her undivided attention to the most elaborate details, which often redeems a person from the accusation of stupidity, as often incurred by others who are merely inattentive. Her mind was, however, completely vacant; for the puerile ideas which constantly flitted through it, could not be called thoughts. Constant intercourse with her would have been most wearisome to one of an imaginative turn, but to the world in general she appeared a quiet, inoffensive person, with an average portion of knowledge and conversation. The extraordinary want of intellect with which most women are afflicted, may account, in some degree, for the incessant labour they bestow upon the most trivial and useless occupations—occupations by which no human being seems benefited, but which they laudably term, "not wasting their time." Mrs. Conway would have been deeply offended had any one presumed to convey such a hint to her. The winding or unwinding of a skein of Berlin wool was to her an event of great importance; the finishing one row of stitches, and beginning another, an epoch in her day, and the whole household was duly made acquainted with it.

Arthur Frankland; or, The Experiences of a Tragic Poet: a Tale. London, 1848. Saunders and Otley.

VOYAGERS in the Arctic seas tell us that in these northern regions the waters are of so wonderful a clearness that an immense number

of fathoms down the sub-marine world, in all its interesting details, is displayed with the utmost vividness to the eye of the spectator. One of these travellers, in illustration of the effect produced by this perfect transparency, relates that in sailing over a mountain which rose from the bottom of the ocean, and on arriving at the point immediately over the summit, such was the illusion, that he felt a sensation of horror, as if the vessel had been urged beyond the brink of a precipice, and a terrible fall would be the inevitable consequence.

The natural fact here alluded to might afford a comparison for one of the distinctive qualities of good writing. It is a common error to mistake obscurity for profundity, or distinctness for superficiality. Obscurity of expression generally results from inaccuracy of thought. When a man knows what he means himself, he can usually make others do the same. Like the products of nature beneath the pellucid waters of the northern seas, the thoughts of a man of genius, though of a depth that no ordinary mind could have fathomed, are yet clear and definite to common powers of understanding;—whilst the ideas of inferior men appear sometimes to the vulgar to possess a greater profundity, merely from the circumstance that the medium through which they are presented possesses so little perspicuity, that their shallowness and vagueness are not detected.

We confess to having been rather puzzled to discover the precise purpose of the author in writing *Arthur Frankland*, for that the work is a didactic work, and possesses a moral aim, seems to be announced at the outset. The volume commences with a disquisition upon happiness, the object of which is to prove that it is within the reach of all, and depends, not so much on what is *without* the man, as on what is *within* him. So far the writer's view appears sound; but when he attempts to explain in what this inward life consists, we are at a loss to discover whether it is in temperament or principle, as his argument appears sometimes to point to the one, sometimes to the other. The sum of his teaching seems, however, to be contained in the following passage, which occurs in the second page of the work:—

Since life is as it is, and we must either go merrily on with the stream, or oppose it, and be crushed for our ambitious vanity, my advice is, to make the best we can of it, and count each moment of enjoyment—nay, each moment passed in the absence of pain—as so much spoil rescued from the insatiable hand of the enemy.

This is sufficiently clear; what follows serves only to mystify; and we therefore give the above as the fairest specimen of the author's philosophy, as it contains a plain statement of his views, and somewhat selfish views and a somewhat worldly philosophy it appears to us to be. The best and the wisest of the human race have not gone merrily on with the stream, but have opposed it, and at the sacrifice, perchance, of their worldly prosperity—though, doubtless, a higher happiness has attended them—have turned it in a direction more conducive to the wellbeing of humanity. To follow what approves itself to our judgment as the true and the just, and to follow it through good report, and through evil report, in the confidence that a reward at last must attend our perseverance, is the only true happiness.

There is no plot in *Arthur Frankland*, and very few incidents. The narrative may be summed up in a few lines. Arthur Frankland, the son of an hotel-keeper in London, has been endowed by Nature with the highest intellec-

tual gifts. He is, nevertheless, educated for the profession of a veterinary surgeon, for which, strange to say, he has rather a predilection. Having completed his professional duties, he resolves, however, to devote himself to literature. He also falls desperately in love with a girl whom he sees from the window passing along the street. He traces her to her abode, and an engagement follows. He writes, first, a poem, and then a philosophical work, both of which are rejected by the publishers. As a climax to his misfortunes, he is forbidden by the father of his betrothed to have any further intercourse with the object of his affection. Despair brings on a nervous fever, from which he only recovers to find his father a bankrupt. He leaves London, abjures literature, and settles as a veterinary surgeon in a small town in Gloucestershire. Here he dies of another violent attack brought on by the excitement of a conversation on the subject of literature.

The interest of the tale is intended to centre in the development of the hero's character, which we must pronounce to be a failure, as it does not seize on our sympathies. Arthur Frankland does not answer our idea of a man of genius and true devotee of art. He has too much egotism. *Himself*, and not his art, is his first object. The first frown of fortune makes him abandon his work. Without the immediate hope of honour and success, he can do nothing. He is therefore no just type of the true artist. The praise of man can never be *his* sole or *his* highest aim. He may die, indeed, of the world's hard treatment; but he dies at his post. His work is his true earthly life.

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end and way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Find us further than to-day."

These lines embody the true philosophy of life,—but if the author of this volume has meant to inculcate a similar doctrine, either in his disquisitions or narrative, he has signally failed. In short, what his views are he has contrived to leave pretty much in the dark, and the whole work seems much ado about nothing.

The author is not, however, without ability, if he would take a less ambitious flight. One or two occasional scenes shew that he possesses the power of drawing every-day life with a touch of nature.

My Sister Minnie. A Novel. By MRS. MACKENZIE DANIEL. In 3 vols. London: Newby, 1848.

MRS. DANIEL is known to the literary world as the author of *Jeremiah Parkes*, a novel which obtained great deal of deserved repute, as indicating an inventive genius and a keen eye for the observation of character. The novel now before us manifests a continued progress. Experience, as usual, is doing its work; and there is apparent in every portrait a better finish and a bolder outline: the hand is not afraid to venture upon original touches, and the plot is more artistic than either of its predecessors.

My Sister Minnie is a tale of domestic life, relying for its interest upon the natural development of such events as occur in the ordinary current of existence, and the regard we are gradually made to feel for the principal personages and their fortunes.

Mrs. DANIEL is a very pleasant writer. Her narrative is most unaffected, but yet most eloquent. There is no pretension to the fine, or the impressive, or the poetical; she is content to express her ideas in good homely Saxon, and thus to convey them vividly to the mind of

the reader. Occasionally, but rarely, she throws in some apt reflections, but she never prominently plays the part of monitor; preferring that the reader should gather the moral from the incidents, rather than thrusting it forward in didactic form, where it may be skipped if not approved. The rise and growth of *Minnie's* first love is exquisitely depicted, as a woman only could have drawn it from the experiences recorded in the memory of her own early days. Nor are the agonizing struggles of disappointed affection less powerfully and accurately portrayed.

We will not mar the pleasure that will be derived from the perusal of this novel by anticipating the story; it would be fair neither to author nor to reader; but one specimen of her composition we may afford, and we prefer a passage that has an interest in itself apart from its context.

MY FIRST LOVE.

And now, my dear reader, for my promised confession, although I am sure you must already have guessed its substance and extent. No matter, there is a satisfaction in having a thing told in plain words; and, besides, it prevents any possibility of mistake. In plain words, then—I was in love with Seymour Warburton! This frank avowal deserves a note of admiration, because I am aware of all the blame and all the contempt to which I subject myself by owning a love nearly at first sight. I might, in some degree perhaps, extenuate the weakness by entering into an analysis of the previous state of my mind, proving that it was, from various circumstances (and not the least of these its pre-conceived and determined prejudice against Mr. Warburton), just ready to receive a strong impression of this sort. But my object is not to paint my own character as faultless, but to tell a simple story; therefore I will content myself with stating facts, and leave their apology, when they require one, to my readers.

I was in love; and who does not know the change in all the outward life that is comprehended in these words? Who does not know how everything else, even self, is forgotten in the overwhelming joy of loving for the first time? Who has not felt what a modern poet has so exquisitely expressed:

"Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all the chords
with night,
Smote the chord of self that trembling passed in music out
of sight?"

But all this is familiar to every heart—to every ear. It is not for me to describe a passion so universal, so varying in its outward aspects, yet so unchanging in its general effects. All the world can prate about love; and why should they not? since all the world, in one fashion or another, can feel it. Let me rather, in this place, tell how my own love grew and strengthened, and how every thing within and without became changed under its influence. A very few days sufficed to place our guest on a footing of intimacy with every member of the family. He took part in all our occupations, in all our amusements, which to me, at least, assumed a different aspect from the moment he joined in them. But the morning readings of the old poets, when we two generally sat alone,—these were my chief delight. Well he might have said that he envied the happiness of learning to love Shakespeare; he should have added, too, the happiness of being taught and directed by such a one as himself. What a mind was that! what a rare combination of genius, refinement, and goodness, a goodness that scorned not the meanest and most insignificant objects where the welfare and enjoyment of others were concerned. His own tastes were all elevated and refined in the highest degree, approaching even, sometimes to fastidiousness, but I did not then regard this as a failing; it only served to raise him farther in my estimation above the common herd. Poetry, philosophy, science of every kind he delighted in, and taught me to do the same; but his mind was perhaps too much wrapt up in intellectual pleasures, every-day life, and the nothings of which it is composed, fatigued and dis-

gusted him, although he had too much courtesy and kind feeling to shew this openly. I only found it out by the forced attention with which he would listen to my father's anecdotes, my mother's lengthy speeches, and dear Mary's daily details about her orphan-school. I saw that his mind bent itself with difficulty to trifles like these, where no immediate benefit to any one was to be the result, for in this latter case, the natural benevolence and warmth of his heart triumphed over every thing else, and the dreamy philosopher became simply the good, unselfish man.

This novel may with confidence be added to every circulating library, as being among the best the present season has produced.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

A Garland of Verse. By a Shepherd. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

THE author is no true shepherd—these verses are not the production of a man rudely trained and coarsely nurtured; they are wanting alike in the faults and the virtues of "uneducated" poetry; they smell of lavender water; they were written on tinted paper; the poet's bower was a luxurious drawing-room. But they are not the better for that. If they have fewer manifest faults than a real shepherd would have perpetrated, they have not the vigour he would have put forth. The poems before us are just such as a sentimental young gentleman would contribute to the albums of sentimental young ladies, and obtain much tea-table applause as "our talented friend." But they are not such as the sterner tribunal of a critical journal can approve, because they are wanting in every thing that could lift them above mediocrity—than which there is nothing more intolerable in prose or rhyme.

Lucretia: a Tragedy, in Five Acts, and in Verse. Translated from the celebrated Play of Monsieur TONSARD. London: Onwhyn, 1848.

THIS tragedy obtained a sudden popularity in Paris, from its appositeness to recent events; but we must confess our inability to discover, from the translation of it, any other claims to applause. But then we do not admire the classic drama of France, and therefore are not fair judges of a work modelled after a fashion we dislike. The translator has taken the trouble to render the verse of the original into rhyme, which adds much to its stiffness.

EDUCATION.

Select Plays of William Shakespeare, with Notes, &c. London: Burns.

THIS is the latest of Mr. BURNS's acceptable contributions to the juvenile library. It is designed "to make the writings of England's immortal poet familiar to young persons and those who have not the opportunity of consulting a complete copy of all his works." For this purpose five plays have been selected,—namely, *Macbeth*, *King John*, *King Henry V.*, *King Richard III.*, and *Julius Caesar*, illustrated with introductions and notes, and printed in the style of typographical art for which Mr. BURNS is famous. It forms a very pretty gift-book or school-prize.

Suggestive Hints towards Improved Secular Instruction. By the Rev. RICHARD DAWES, A.M. Second Edition. London: Groombridge.

Hints on an Improved and Self-paying National Education, &c. By Rev. R. DAWES. Third Edition. Groombridge.

MR. DAWES's *Hints* are the results of experience. He does not merely broach a theory, he describes plans which he has put into practice with entire success. It will be impossible for us to follow him through their details, but we can inform all who are interested in the subject of education that they will glean from these little volumes, especially from the first of them, many suggestions by which they may

profit, whether in the conduct of school or of family teaching.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

Tait's Edinburgh Magazine for May reminds us of the change it has undergone since it passed out of the hands of its founder. It is not what it used to be. It wants the variety that once it boasted. The articles are too few and too long; but they are of their class more than respectable; some even contain evidences of ability of a high order. Mr. GILFILLAN continues his contributions, having commenced a series of pen and ink sketches of popular lecturers; the subject of that in the present number being "GEORGE DAWSON, A.M." which commences with a reminiscence that will probably much interest our readers, and therefore we extract it. It is a sketch, in Mr. GILFILLAN's best manner,

of

EMERSON.

Since writing our last paper, we have had the opportunity of hearing Emerson the lecturer, as well as of meeting Emerson the man. In answer to various inquiries, which have reached us from highly respectable parties who have not been equally favoured, we will begin our present paper by a few jottings on him. Of Emerson the private individual, it were indecent to say much; suffice it that he has neither tail nor cloven foot, has indeed nothing very remarkable or peculiar about him, but is simply a mild and intelligent gentleman, with whom you might be hours and days in company, without suspecting him to be a Philosopher or a Poet. His manners are those of one who has studied the graces in the woods, unwittingly learned his bow from the bend of the pine, and his air and attitudes from those into which the serviceable wind adjusts the forest trees, as it sweeps across them. His conversation is at times a sweet rich dropping, like honey from the rock. He is a great man, gracefully disguised under sincere modesty and simplicity of character, is totally free from those go-ahead crochets and cants which disgust you in many Americans, and it is impossible for the most prejudiced to be in his society, and not be impressed with respect for the innocence of his life, and regard for the unaffected sincerity of his manners. Plain and homely he may be as a wooden bowl, but not the less rich and ethereal is the nectar o'er thought by which he is filled. A lecturer, in the common sense of the term, he is not; call him rather a public monologist, talking rather to himself than to his audience—and what a quiet, calm, commanding, conversation it is! It is not the sraph, or burning one that you see in the midst of his wings of fire—it is the naked cherubic reason thinking aloud before you. He reads his lectures without excitement, without energy, scarcely even with emphasis, as if to try what can be effected by the pure, unaided momentum of thought. It is soul totally unsheathed that you have to do with; and you ask, is this a spirit's tongue that is sounding on its way? so solitary and severe seems its harmony. There is no betrayal of emotion, except now and then, when a slight tremble in his voice proclaims that he has arrived at some spot of thought to him peculiarly sacred or dear, even as our fellow-traveller along a road sometimes starts and looks round, arrived at some land-mark of passion and memory, which to us has no interest; or as an earthly steed might be conceived to shiver under the advent of a supernal horseman—so his voice must falter here and there below the glorious burden it has to bear. There is no emphasis, often, but what is given by the eye, and this is felt only by those who see him on the side view; neither standing behind nor before can we form any conception of the rapt living flesh which breaks forth athwart the spectator. His eloquence is thus of that highest kind which produces great effects at small expenditure of means, and without any effort or turbulence; still and strong as gravitation, it fixes, subdues, and turns us around. To be more popular than it is, it requires only two elements—first, a more artistic accommodation to the tastes and understandings of the audience; and, secondly, greater power of personal passion, in which Emerson's head as well as his nature seems deficient. Could but some fiery breath of political zeal or religious enthusiasm be let loose upon him, to create a more rapid and energetic movement in his style and manner, he would stir and inflame the world.

His lectures, as to their substance, are *portable essences* of the subject or character to which they refer. In small compass, masses of thought, results of long processes, lie compact and firm; as 240 pence are calmly enclosed in one bright, round sovereign, so do volumes manifold go to compose one of Emer-

son's short and Sibylline sentences. In his lecture on Napoleon, he reduces him and the history of his empire to a strong jelly. Eloquence, that ample theme, in like manner he condenses into the hollow of one lecture—a lecture for once which proved as popular as it was profound. His intellectual tactics somewhat resemble those of Napoleon. As he aimed at, and broke the heart of opposing armies, Emerson loves to grasp and tear out the trembling core of a subject, and shew it to his hearers. In both of these lectures we admired his selection of instances and anecdotes; each stood for a distinct part of the subject, and rendered it at once intelligible and memorable. An anecdote thus severely selected answers the end of a bone in the hand of an anatomical lecturer: it appeals to sense as well as soul. We liked, too, his reading of a passage from the *Odyssey*, descriptive of the eloquence of Ulysses. It was translated into prose—the prose of his better essays—by himself, and was read with a calm classical power and dignity, which made a thousand hearts still as the grave. For five minutes there seemed but two things in the world: the silence, and the voice which was passing through it. If men, we have often exclaimed, would but listen as attentively to sermons, as they do to the *intimations* at the end! Emerson generally commands such attention; especially, we are told, that during his first lecture in Edinburgh on Natural Aristocracy, it was fine to see him, by his very bashfulness, driven not out of, but into himself, and speaking as if in the forest alone with God and his own soul. This was true self-possession. The audience, too, were made to feel themselves as much alone as their orator. To give a curdling sense of solitude in society, is a much higher achievement than to give a sense of society in solitude. It is among the mightiest acts of spiritual power, thus to insulate the imagination or the conscience of man, and suggests afar off the proceedings of that tremendous day, when in the company of a universe each man will feel himself alone.

An article on "Chartists and Repenters" is apt to the time. There are two or three tales of no great merit, some average poetry, and the usual literary and political register.

The British Quarterly Review, No. XIV. for May. Jackson and Walford.—The quarterly organ of the Dissenters, this periodical maintains the same position in their ranks as does the *Quarterly* among the Tories, or the *Edinburgh* among the Whigs; and it will bear comparison with either of them. Mingling polite literature with politics and polemics in almost equal proportion, it is remarkable for a tone of strong good sense that pervades the treatment of every subject upon which it touches. It is liberal without extravagance, and its tastes are refined without being effeminate. This number opens with an article on "Borneo," minutely narrating the history of Mr. BROOKE. That is followed by an essay on "CHARLES LAMB and his Writings," in which the wonderfully delicate humour and humane spirit of that delightful writer receive ample justice. It reminds us of some of the earlier vigorous criticisms of the *Edinburgh Review*. "Congregational Independency" is a topic peculiarly in place, but one which does not concern us. Mr. LEWIS's two novels are next reviewed in a kindly spirit, recognising his great merits, and not concealing his faults. "Animal Psychology" is, perhaps, the most valuable contribution of the present number—profound in its learning, vigorous in its suggestions, severe in its arguments, and deeply interesting in its facts. A notice, severe but just, of Mr. WARREN's *Now and Then* is succeeded by another essay of the thoughtful class on the "Results of the German Philosophy." Mr. NORTON's valuable work on *The genuineness of the Gospels* is next reviewed. *Italy, its State and Prospects*, is the theme of a calm, thoughtful, and onward-looking paper, and the attractive list is concluded with an article on the French Revolution of 1848, from which the writer deduces some lessons for his countrymen, asserting that it will be the duty of England to "proceed in her career of improvement, giving a broader base and a more popular character to her institutions. Her taxation, too, must be differently and more equally distributed," and "far greater economy in the public expenditure than has hitherto found a place in the creed of our leading statesmen must prevail."

The Gentleman's Magazine, for May, among

its wonted valuable gatherings of antiquarian intelligence, introduces a review of HALLIWELL'S *Life of Shakspere*; an interesting essay on "Sir Kenelme Digby, his Life and Writings;" some remarks by E. GUEST, Esq. on the late edition of LAYAMON'S *Brut*; "Records of Caxton;" a retrospective review of some Latin poems, by Dr. DUPORT; together with the usual Historical and Literary Chronicle, and its copious and unique Obituary, for which its reputation is, as it has ever been, without a rival. There is an engraving of an Elizabethan timber house at Exeter.

The Eclectic Review, for May, has for its first and longest paper a memoir of Mrs. ELIZABETH FAY. There are many other papers of interest, literary, political, and religious, the most immediately attractive of which will doubtless be that on "English Reform," adopting the liberal creed of which the *Eclectic* has been always the stanch and eloquent teacher.

Dolman's Magazine, for May, as the literary representative of the Roman Catholics, treats of topics, and writes in a tone, adapted to its character. The article entitled "Sick Calls—the Magdalens," by the Editor, is a composition of great ability, and full of good feeling.

Howitt's Journal, for May, is adapted to please and to inform readers of all classes and ages. Besides the contributions of WILLIAM and MARY HOWITT, in themselves a host, many names of note are seen among the contributors. The subjects are judiciously selected; the composition is in good taste; essays, narratives, tales, and poetry are agreeably intermingled; and wood engravings of extraordinary merit adorn each number. Among the most attractive papers in the part before us are "Scenes and Characters from Lamartine's History of the Girondists;" "Facts from the Fields," by WILLIAM HOWITT; "Letters from Paris," descriptive of the revolution; "German Student Life;" and "The Evils of the Game Laws."

The Drawing-Room Magazine and Ladies' Book of Fancy Needlework, for May, besides useful treatises on fancy work, contains poems, tales, and essays adapted to amuse the work-table.

The Family Herald, for May, continues its romances, original and translated; its admirably selected gleanings from the literature of the time; and, above all, its extraordinary "Answers to Correspondents," embracing every conceivable topic, from inquiries how to enter a room, to the solution of profound problems in mathematics.

S:MONDS'S *Colonial Magazine*, for May, amid other valuable information relating to our huge colonial empire, contains "A Retrospect of the Trade of Singapore for 1846-7;" an essay on the project of "A Ship Canal to the Pacific;" another on the "Progress of Australia;" besides a mass of intelligence gathered from all available sources, and very interesting to those who are connected with the colonies by reminiscence, by property, or by friendship.

Social Distinction: or, Hearts and Homes. By Mrs. ELLIS, author of *Women of England*. London, 1848. Tallis.—Mrs. ELLIS has achieved the honourable reputation of being the most sensible female writer of her age. She fully maintains it in this narrative, so far as it has proceeded. She writes with a definite purpose to inculcate by illustration important social truths. Keenly observant of the petty foibles and faults of private life which produce vastly more misery than the greater ones, she aims at exhibiting them in all their oiliiness, and by tracing their sad consequences to warn her readers against indulgence in them. Such is the purpose of the fiction of which the first part is before us.

The National Cyclopædia of Useful Knowledge. Part XVI.—We have noticed each successive part of this extraordinary work on its appearance, and we have now only to add that this part extends from the word *Cochineal* to *Côte du Nord*.

The Publishers' Circular is a twice-a-month bookseller's list, but it costs as much as *THE CRITIC*, and contains no reading matter; therefore, as it appears to us, *THE CRITIC* must be far more useful and acceptable to the bookseller and circulating library-keeper, as it gives them the same

information as to the books that are published, with the added advantage of extracts, by which they are enabled to form their own opinion of them, if they do not choose to trust that of the reviewer.

Knight's Farmers' Library and Cyclopædia of Rural Affairs, Part XIV. for May, commences the treatise on the Dog, describing all the varieties, with beautiful engravings of each.

The Land we Live in, Part X. C. Knight. This part of a work in which we have felt the warmest interest, as being one of the most acceptable contributions of the pictorial press to the topographical library, is dedicated to the South-East Coast, of the most striking features of which, besides a graphic description in prose, there are given numerous views from the pencils of some of our most distinguished artists. The large steel engraving of Dover is singularly fine and truthful.

France and its Revolutions: a Pictorial History. Part I. London: C. Knight.—Availing himself of the interest which now, and for some time to come, must attach to everything that relates to the Revolutions of France, Mr. KNIGHT has commenced a succinct history of them, dating from the opening of the States General in May 1789. It is got up in the same style as the *Pictorial History of England*, and is illustrated by numerous engravings. Its author is not named.

The Works of Shakspere. With Illustrations by KENNY MEADOWS. Part I.—This finely illustrated work gives the whole play of *Macbeth*, with a multitude of original engravings, for a shilling.

Cuvier's Animal Kingdom. Part II. Orr and Co.—Four spirited engravings, after sketches by C. LANDSEER, full of character, and conveying a more accurate idea of the animal than any coloured print we ever saw, illustrate this part of the most famous and complete work on Natural History which the world possesses. The translation is admirably executed, and the woodcuts interspersed with the text add much to its interest.

The Image of his Father. By the Brothers MAYHEW. Part II.—The story grows in interest as it advances, and we are introduced to some new characters. Impey, the lawyer, promises to be a hit. There is a strain of genuine humour in this fiction of which DICKENS might not be ashamed.

A History of France. By G. M. BUSSEY and T. GASPEY. Part II.—Advancing from the year 508 to 594, this history presents the most graphic picture we have ever seen of the French people. Its attractions are increased by numerous engravings. It will take rank with the *Pictorial History of England*.

Atlas to Alison's History of Europe. Part XIII.—As an accompaniment to all histories of modern Europe, is invaluable. This part contains plans of no less than four battles and one siege. No history should be read without this Atlas open of it for reference.

A Descriptive Atlas of Astronomy and of Physical and Political Geography. By the Rev. T. MILNER. Part I. Orr and Co.—This Atlas has a double attraction: it is singularly cheap, and it is accompanied with letter-press, which will form, in fact, a complete treatise on Geography. This first part opens with notices of Astronomical Discovery, illustrated by woodcuts, which are followed by a sketch of the Solar System. When we state that the author is Mr. MILNER, who wrote that delightful *GALLERY OF NATURE*, so often mentioned here, we shall have said enough, at least, to ensure for it the attention of our readers. There are three maps in this first part—a Meteorological Map of the World, shewing also the distribution of the temperature of the air: a Celestial Planisphere, and Africa; and all for a few pence. It is alike unrivalled in excellence and in cheapness.

Mr. KNIGHT has sent to us some numbers of a sort of weekly political journal, called *The Voice of the People*, and intended to be a supplement to the newspapers. It contains plain and sensible articles on passing events, designed to shew that the ultra-democratic doctrines that have for the time obtained an ascendancy abroad and made some stir at home are not calculated to advance the happiness of the working classes. While advocating reforms in all branches of church and state, and progressive

extensions of the privilege of voting as the people prove themselves competent to use it properly, the *Voice of the People* strenuously denies any inherent right to the suffrage, but rests it upon the only proper ground—expediency. It is a question of fitness. To a considerable extension of that which is at present obviously too limited either for the safety or the welfare of the state, we presume there will be no hostility on the part of this new journal. It will prove an efficient, because rational and moderate, champion of the cause of peace, law, and order.

Notes on the Nobility. No. II. *The House of Stanley*. By DAVID ROSS.—This second number of a work noticed at some length in our last, is devoted to similar details of the Derby and Sefton families. It is a sort of extended peerage.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Political Aphorisms, Moral and Philosophical Thoughts of the Emperor Napoleon, collected from upwards of Eighty original Works, by Cte Ate G. de Liancourt. Edited by JAMES ALEXANDER MANNING, Esq. of the Inner Temple. London, 1848. Newby. THREE very remarkable characteristics, says the author in his preface, predominated in the life of NAPOLEON; the excess of genius, the excess of fortune, and the excess of adversity. Nature, he adds, had initiated him into all the intricacies of the human mind.

It is not so: Nature gives the power of quick perception necessary to the acquisition of a knowledge of mankind, but Nature does not implant the knowledge itself. That must be gathered by experience, observation, and reflection.

NAPOLEON was unduly lauded, and he has been since as unduly depressed. It was the fashion of the writers of the last generation to paint him as the sport of fortune, owing nothing to his own genius for his rise, or to his own folly for his fall. Chance did for him everything: he was the accident of an accident; he was the creature and not the creator of the events in which he appeared as the recognised leader. Battles were won, and empires overthrown, and the face of Europe changed, by no skill of his, but by the concurrence of events, and the force of the stream upon which he floated.

It was to vindicate him from these aspersions, and to shew that he was no less a man of thought than of action; that he could boast of ideas, and knew at least the difficult art of controlling the minds of other men, so as to make them subservient to his will and contribute their genius to aid his designs, that the editor has collected these maxims of NAPOLEON, as gathered from his proclamations, despatches, public speeches, and private conversations. And it is, indeed, a monument of practical wisdom which must for ever set at rest the question whether to accident or to ability was his seeming greatness due. In these pages will be found stores of good sense, applicable to all persons, of all countries, and of all conditions, because founded on universal human nature. They have been admirably translated by Mr. MANNING, and the volume will be a valuable addition to the library of reference, and a great storehouse from which politicians and statesmen, as well as philosophers and men of business, may draw largely, whether to guide them upon occasions of doubt, or to adduce as an authority for the course they may adopt.

For the convenience of readers who may not be able to read the original French fluently, the translation is upon one leaf and the original upon the other. We glean a few of them as speci-

mens. Some are extremely apt to present circumstances :

A new Government should employ in its service those whose fortunes are already made.

In the institution of a Government, one must not bind oneself by laws specially detailed. Constitutions are the work of time, and too large a space cannot be left for ameliorations.

There is no Government so tyrannical as that which pretends to be paternal.

A Government protected by foreigners will never be accepted by a free people.

The Aristocracy is the true, the only support of a Monarchy—its mediator, its lever, its point of resistance. The state without an Aristocracy is like a vessel without a rudder, or a balloon at the mercy of the winds.

The people excited by ambitious demagogues, sooner or later return into the hands of the Aristocracy.

In politics, there is a wide difference between promises and performance.

The Kings of the present day require more security than the people.

Revolutions are like the most noxious dung-heaps, they bring into life the noblest vegetables.

Revolutionary periods are full of crime and genius, each of which finds opportunities for distinguishing itself.

We must laugh at man, to avoid crying for him.

Wherever flowers cannot be reared, there man cannot live.

How much more easy it is to preach than to practise is shewn in this remarkable apothegm :—

Who knows to what extent the delirium of ambition may lead us?

There is more wisdom in the next than at first appears :—

The only encouragement for literature, is to give the poet a prominent situation in the state.

The manners of the people are improved, and we may predict their gradual amelioration throughout the world.

The mass of the people are not wicked.

Disdain hatreds—hear all, but never pronounce judgment until reason has had time to resume her sway.

The only victories which leave no regret are those which are gained over ignorance.

We must take things as we find them, and not as we would wish them to be.

It is in the work-shops of a country that the most successful war is waged against an enemy, at least it does not cost a drop of its people's blood.

A portion of the multitude must ever be coerced.

The men who have changed the universe, have never achieved their object by gaining the governors, but always by exciting the populace. The first method springs from intrigue, and produces but secondary results, the second is the march of genius, and changes the face of the world.

The ideas of a Minister should be quicker than his hand ; he has only time to emit sparks ; he must put words in his letters, and phrases in his words.

The falsity of the following has been fatally proved by LOUIS PHILIPPE :—

A prince should invest all his wealth in the fortune of his country, so as to identify himself as much as possible with her destinies.

There is a great truth in the next :—

Two powers like France and England, with a good understanding between them, might govern the world.

We conclude with a maxim which may be usefully circulated at this time, coming from such a competent authority :—

Amongst the masses—even in revolutions—aristocracy must ever exist; destroy it in the nobility, and it becomes centred in the rich and powerful houses of the commons. Pull them down, and

it still survives in the master and foreman of the workshop.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Word or Two about Port Wine. By JOSEPH JAMES FORRESTER. Fourth Edition. Richardson.

ALTHOUGH the author candidly avows that his object in this pamphlet was to advance his interests as a wine merchant, it must be admitted in his praise that he treats his subject very fairly, and conveys a great deal of curious, interesting, and useful information. He complains bitterly of the manner in which ports are doctored for the English market ; but he deems this the result of ignorance on the part of the British public, who, if they better knew the history and manufacture of their favourite wine, would be more particular in their choice of it. According to our author this is

HOW PORT WINE IS MADE.

To produce black, strong, and sweet wine, the following are the expedients resorted to :—The grapes being flung into the open stone vat indiscriminately, on the stalks, sound and unsound, are trodden by men till they are completely mashed, and then left to ferment. When the wine is about half fermented, it is transferred from the vat to tonels, and brandy (several degrees above proof) is thrown in, in the proportion of twelve to twenty-four gallons to the pipe of must, by which the fermentation is greatly checked. About two months afterwards, this mixture is coloured thus :—A quantity of dried elderberries is put into coarse bags ; these are placed in vats, and a part of the wine to be coloured being thrown over them, they are trodden by men, till the whole of the colouring matter is expressed, when the husks are thrown away. The dye thus formed is applied according to the fancy of the owner ; from twenty-eight to fifty-six pounds of the dried elderberry being used to the pipe of wine ! Another addition of brandy, of from four to six gallons per pipe, is now made to the mixture, which is then allowed to rest for about two months.

At the end of this time, it is, if sold (which it is tolerably sure to be, after such judicious treatment), transferred to Oporto, where it is racked two or three times, and receives, probably, two gallons more of brandy per pipe ; and it is then considered fit to be shipped to England, it being about nine months old ; and at the time of shipment, one gallon more of brandy is usually added to each pipe. The wine, thus having received at least twenty-six gallons of brandy per pipe, is considered by the merchant sufficiently strong,—an opinion which the writer, at least, is not prepared to dispute. This is one way. Another way is this :—The finer sort of grapes are selected of several kinds ; those which are decayed, or unripe, being removed. They are then trodden as in the preceding case, but the fermentation is allowed to proceed three-fourths of the full time proper for it. The wine is then transferred to the tonels, where it receives from six to ten gallons of brandy, of the same strength as that before mentioned, per pipe. About two months afterwards it is drawn off into other tonels, and each pipe receives about six additional gallons of brandy, and from six to eighteen gallons of jeropiga. The wine is then sent to Oporto, where the future treatment proceeds as in the first case, except that it receives there, on the whole, five, instead of two, gallons more of brandy.

And this is the poisonous stuff which it is the fashion to prefer to the pure wines of Germany and France, and to which we are condemned by foolish fiscal laws. Thanks to Mr. FORRESTER for revealing the secrets of his trade. May he give his valuable assistance, not to the removing of the duties from the manufactured poison of the Peninsula, but for the admission of more wholesome beverage from the Rhine and the Rhone.

An Act for the better Security of the Crown and Government of the United Kingdom, with an Introductory Sketch of the Law of Treason and Sedition, the Cases decided, and Notes on the Construction of the New Statute. By EDWARD W. COX, Esq. Barrister-at-Law, editor of "Cox's Criminal Law Cases." London : Law Times Office.

In a dedication to Sir GEORGE GREY, the editor pays a deserved tribute to the authorship of this important work of legislation. He says, "This endeavour to illustrate a statute which will ever be memorable as the only power asked of the British Legislature by a British minister, at a moment when revolution was raging throughout the rest of Europe, is, with grateful acknowledgments for the courage, ability, and indefatigable industry displayed by him in a moment of peril, respectfully dedicated." Commencing with a sketch of the law of treason and sedition, the learned editor has given the new statute, with very copious notes on its construction, illustrated by cases, and an index, that affords ready access to its contents. An edition in so convenient a form of an Act of Parliament which every magistrate and lawyer must possess, cannot but prove acceptable and useful.

Every Lady her own Flower Gardener. By LOUISA JOHNSON. Ninth Edition. London : Orr and Co.

An extremely practical little book, containing full and intelligible instructions for the management of a flower garden, without having resort to the costly skill of the professional gardener. Its nine editions are the best evidence that it has been approved by those who have used it.

The National Cyclopædia of Useful Knowledge. Vol. IV. London : Knight.

Beyond all compare this is the cheapest Cyclopædia ever published. Only a combination of peculiar circumstances could have enabled its production at such a price. Mr. KNIGHT is the proprietor of the *Penny Cyclopædia*, all the articles in which were written by the ablest men of the age. By condensing the elaborate treatises of that work, but without sacrificing any thing of importance, the *National Cyclopædia* is constructed, and which, within a smaller compass, will contain all that is required for reference in the library of those who cannot afford to procure the larger work. This volume extends from the word "Caesar" to "Cotes-du-Nord." It is printed in a small but clear type, and many illustrative woodcuts are introduced into the text.

ART.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

ALTHOUGH there are not so many great pictures as we have seen in former exhibitions, the whole is highly creditable to British Art and indicates decided progress. The elder Academicians have not surpassed, and in many instances have not equalled, themselves ; but almost all the younger exhibitors manifest improvement both in the conception and in the mechanical execution of art, and to them it is that we must look for its advancement. They are its future, as the R. A.'s are its present : therefore to them does the critic turn who would seek rather for promises and pretences than for performances—and that is our mission, as the literary journal of the generation now entering upon the busy world. As every newspaper contains early notices of the most remarkable pictures, so that every person who has not the opportunity of viewing the Gallery has by this time learned what are its choicest contents, we shall be content with strolling leisurely round for half an hour every week, and noting such pictures as most attract our attention for their genius, without reference to the name of the artist ; rather preferring the young, and as yet ignoble, to those whose fame, already won, is echoed in every other journal.

We begin with the Catalogue in the East Room. Here the first that attracts us is No. 10, *The Ruined Spendthrift*, by A. RANK-

LEY, a work which proves that REDGRAVE will have a worthy successor. The seedy look of the youth, and the forgiving faces of the elder folk, are admirably truthful, and the accessories are perfect. It is in the best manner of that school so peculiarly English—the domestic school.

Next to it is CORP's noble picture, *Cardinal Wolsey* (No. 11). The grouping is very good; but it strikes us that the Cardinal is not sufficiently dejected, nor quite old enough. We prefer MACEADY's idea of the character.

G. A. FRIPP's *Mont Blanc* (No. 12), is a magnificent landscape—so true in tone that it transports us at once to the place, and we breathe the very air of the Alps. And as for CRESWICK's *Greenwood Stream* (No. 19), it is difficult to withdraw the eye from it, so does it tempt us to dream and forget that we are in noisy, dusty, hot London. How we long to plunge into that

"——shady pool
Where trout leap, when the day is cool."

No. 20 is by M'INNES, *A Summer's Afternoon on the Lido, near Venice*. It is remarkable for its drawing; but, we must confess, that the revellers are more ideal than real; at least, we have twice visited the place, and we never saw such costumes.

No. 34, *Showery Weather*, by S. R. PERCY, is a clever bit of effect; and GILBERT'S *Autumn* (No. 37), is real and rural; the trees are those of the wood, not those of the garden; natural and not model trees.

YOUNGMAN, who is one of our most rising artists, has an extremely clever picture, the *Wood Gatherer* (No. 44), small in size, but full of evidences of genius; and we were greatly pleased with No. 59, by P. CORBET, *A Girl in a Dutch Mantle*, which seems to us to indicate the touches of a hand that has the boldness and firmness of a master.

As we pause here before one of EDWIN LANDSEER's pictures, (No. 48), *Pincher*, we may as well say all that we have to say of him at once. He contributes more pictures than usual; one of them only that equals his former efforts, but that is a miracle. It is a portrait of his father—a loveable, mild, intelligent, fine old man, who looks benevolence from the canvass, and commands veneration and love at the first glance. His *Alexander and Diogenes* (No. 208), intended to be his great picture of the year, is, to our taste, a comparative failure. The attempt to give character to the dogs is too conspicuous. The artist has aimed at too much; the bull-dog who personates Alexander is a caricature. The best are the heads of the hounds in the background. They are most humorously grave.

No. 229, *An Old Cover Hack*, wants the marvellous sleekness that has marked former portraits of horses. The last is the loftiest, and most successful.

No. 403, *A Random Shot*. A hind lies dead upon the ground, and its faint vainly pulls at its empty udder. The landscape is covered with snow, upon which bright tracks of blood shew the steps by which she had come to die in that solitary waste. It is a picture-poem, and often will the visitor think of it when he has forgotten the prose portraiture of favourite dogs and horses, painted to order.

One of the most remarkable pictures in the Exhibition is by UWINS, R.A. It is No. 36. *The Vintage in the Claret Vineyards in the Gironde*. The scene is most animated, the grouping masterly, and the colouring marvellous, besides being a subject full of novelty and interest; for the vineyard is a real one, with the vines like currant-bushes, and not the grove which poets dream and painters feign.

KNIGHT, R.A. has undoubtedly the best specimens of portraiture in the room. He has been visiting Devonshire, and the notabilities of that locality have been sitting to him. No. 72, *R. J. Marker, esq.* is admirably like, and perfect in its quiet tone and natural expression; and the same remark applies to the rest.

ERRY has been trying some new effects with his brilliant brush, or rather with his pallet-knife. He has sought to shew how intense colours may be

made to glow upon canvass with an inner light, like gems. Thus, in *A Study of Colour in Objects of Still Life* (No. 73), he has produced magical effects by a few dabs of plaster, laid on as it were with a trowel; and in No. 215, *Aaron, the High Priest*, the gems upon the breastplates are so real that they seem to dazzle as with light thrown out from their depths.

The French do not often equal us in landscape; but there is one by a Frenchman, M. BOUQUET, *Pasture Fields in Normandy* (No. 74), which endures comparison with any of its present companions. It is thoroughly rural.

The eye then rests upon a remarkable picture by HERBERT, R.A.—*St. John the Baptist reproving Herod*—in the artist's manner of the most strict German school: hard, some will call it, but forcible. The expression of the prophet's face is wonderfully dignified. It is one of the few works of high art of which the Exhibition can boast, and is the only contribution of the artist.

MACLISE's great picture is No. 78, *Chivalry in the time of Henry VIII*. It is that of a knight being accounted by his armourer and squire; while his lady love, with a face in which pride, pleasure, and sorrow are admirably mingled, looks upon him an affectionate adieu. It has the artist's usual fine drawing, clever composition, waxlike flesh, and hardness. Certainly it is not equal to any of his more recent efforts.

LEE has thrown off much of his mannerism, and ventured upon new themes. The *Broken Bridge* (No. 88), the foliage in which is a masterpiece, the *Mill at Oywer* (No. 347), and one or two other scenes from the same locality, appear to indicate that he has refreshed himself again at the pure well of Nature undefiled, and studied her apart from his palette.

EASTLAKE has one picture only, and it is not one of his best. Its subject is *An Italian Peasant Family, prisoners with Banditti* (No. 92). It wants the finish that was the great charm of his works. Some of the faces are without expression, and the *tout ensemble* fails to tell the story.

WINGFIELD has a beautiful little bit of landscape, *Evening* (No. 96), full of promise. It should be looked at carefully.

COOPER is as CUYP-like as ever—the same real atmospheres, the same warm skies, and the same drowsy cows and woolly sheep. Perhaps he approaches nearer to the perfection of painting, as a copy of Nature, than any artist of his age. His *Harvest in the Highlands* (No. 108) is marvellously real. The *Foray* (No. 144) is full of life and energy—the maddened cattle, the furious drovers, the highland pass, make a romantic scene, which will never be forgotten, when once beheld as it lives here upon canvass.

MULREADY attracts the largest groups of visitors. You may trace his pictures by the crowd. No. 130, *A Shepherd Boy and Dog*, is a happy sketch from life. The *Gravel Pit* (No. 125), a scene from the site of Russell-square about forty years since, an wild spot as any in the Highlands, is a favourite; but his most remarkable performance is entitled *The Butt*. A boy is bobbing cherries into the open mouth of another, whose stained cheeks betray the vain efforts to snatch the tempting bait. It is a little picture, but its finish is wonderful. It must have been the work of weeks or months. But then it will live as long as canvass can be preserved, and grow in value every year.

RICHARDSON's *Mill on the Thames* will reward inspection. It is very clever, from the way in which the lights are thrown.



SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

THE forty-fourth Exhibition of this Society was opened to the public on the 1st of May, and although we recognise few strange names among the exhibitors, the old familiar ones have vindicated their former reputation, if they have not positively advanced it. HUNT is more plentiful than usual with flowers and birds' nests, and is less copious of ploughboys and servant wenches. COPELY FIELD-

ING covers a considerable section of the walls with downs, and mists, and waters, rich in the haze of summer. PAUL DE WINT has excelled himself in veritable copies of English scenery. PROUT has many of his marvellous portraits of street structures. OAKLEY presents us with we know not what number of gypsies. DAVID COX has not been idle, but more of him presently. TOPHAM has brought home many reminiscences of a tour in Ireland; and FREDERICK NASH has proved himself the LANDSEER of water-colour.

Almost every picture in this gallery will require inspection; therefore it is very difficult for the critic, who must select a few only for his notices, to do justice to the merit of each individual production. It would be to reprint the catalogue to describe all that is worthy of commendation to which the name of FIELDING, DE WINT, or PROUT is attached; but as the exhibitors are not so numerous as in any other of the galleries, it will be more convenient to depart from our usual plan, and instead of noticing the more remarkable pictures in their order as they are placed upon the walls, to group together the more interesting works of each artist.

We begin with COPELY FIELDING, who has one picture which excels any of his we remember to have seen. It is No. 198. *A View of Dindarra Castle, Argyllshire*. The haze thrown over the lake, and deepening against the closing hills, is a triumph of art. Another remarkable work is the *View of Mont Blanc from Sallenche* (No. 162). His *Sunset* (No. 80) will also deserve attentive examination. But we must not forget one of his favourite subjects, upon which he has evidently worked with the energy inspired by a labour of love, No. 38, *A Valley on the Sussex Downs*. Nobody can make the monotony of a down picturesque like FIELDING: in that he is unrivalled, and for that he will be memorable as long as water-colours endure.

OAKLEY has always appeared to us to err in this, that while his beggars are most correct in costume, and place, and posture, they have not the faces of beggars. They are gentlemen and ladies, dressed in the rags of the mendicant. Their countenances belie their calling. This is visible in almost all his contributions of the year. In *Flowers and Wares for the Townsfolk* (No. 41), there is the delicacy of complexion and the refinement of expression never found among itinerant vendors exposed to sun and shower. The *Little Gleaner* (No. 55) is better, but still the same defect. Best of all is *A Fisher-boy* (No. 131). This appears to have been really a copy from nature, and not a sitter costumed. It is a charming picture, full of character and perfect in its drawing. For *Gipsy Pastime* (No. 171), he has evidently gone to the lanes, and tempted fair gipsy lasses and gipsy boys to lie still for a few minutes while he sketched them as they sat by their tent. His genius has taken this turn, and to that class of subjects he should limit himself.

PAUL DE WINT is greater than we ever remember him, and so abundant, that we can notice only a few of the most masterly of his contributions. No. 24, *Saltwood Castle, Kent*, is an admirable specimen of effect; and No. 47, *Lymne Castle*, is still finer. No. 248, *Llandaff*, is an instance of bold touches that contradict all one's ideas of the delicacy requisite to water-colour, for the result is a miraculous transcript from Nature.

H. RICHTER claims particular notice for his characteristic groups. No. 7, *Justice Shallow entertaining Falstaff in the Arbour*, is capital. Such a Falstaff has never appeared upon the stage, so full of humour in every feature.

DAVID COX is, we fear, falling too much into mannerism. His wonderfully bold touches attracted great attention, as a novelty in water-colour, and he has been tempted to extravagance. Many of his pictures here are not painted, but dabbed,—a mass of coloured blots, in which it is often difficult to discern the object intended to be represented. If he advances one step further it will be necessary for him to write under his drawings—"this is a tree," "this is a hill," &c. When he is a little less extravagant, he is amazingly effective, as in *The Skylark*

(No. 97), an exquisite work, perfect in its execution, and the *Windy Day* (No. 114), both of which vindicate his reputation, while his *Vale of Clwyd* (No. 13), an instance of the fault we have named, and his *Green Lane, Staffordshire* (No. 45)—which has not a bit of green—go far to mar it. We hope he will pause before he becomes, like TURNER, the slave of a theory, and keep a steady eye upon Nature as the ultimate appeal from the prejudices of the studio.

BENTLEY has many specimens of his inimitable sea-pieces, with their veritable waves and genuine atmospheres. It will suffice to point out for special attention No. 18. *Edinburgh from the Sea*, and the *Old Breakwater* (No. 207). But the rest are equally excellent.

PROUT has been a larger contributor than usual, and there is no decline in the spirit and truth of his street portraiture. He has traversed the continent in quest of picturesque buildings, and especially has he found them in Nuremberg and Wurtzburg. Besides these, we have a capital *Market-place at Strasburg* (No. 93)—*A View at Mechlin* (No. 229), a miracle of art, and some scenes from Venice.

W. EVANS, of Eton, has surprised us by the evident proof of progress he has given. His *Highland Shearing* (No. 27), is a landscape of extraordinary beauty, both in drawing and colour, and even the grouping of the figures is clever, and marks the man of genius. He has brought other characteristic scenes from Scotland, which will reward careful inspection.

GEORGE FRIPP has contributed some works of first-rate excellence. *Cookham Church* (No. 34) is perfect. *The Avon near Clifton* (No. 72) is a miracle of atmosphere, clear and distinct, yet without an outline, and coloured with singular fidelity. So is the *View from Uphill Church* (No. 138), and many more we have not space to enumerate.

V. BARTHOLOMEW again tempts us with many dishes of fruits and flowers, the former melting and ripe, the latter inviting us to smell as well as gaze.

W. CALLOW proves himself worthy of a place by the side of PROUT. His architecture is as perfect, and the lights in his interiors are even more masterly. *The Cathedral at Wurtzburg* (No. 52) is a lively scene of a fair with the fine old minster towering above. *The Rathaus at Lucerne* (No. 130) is another clever bit of street, that should stay the visitors' steps.

LAKE PRICE has surpassed himself. He has brought home the fruits of an extensive tour, and the effects gathered in his diligent portfolio are finely elaborated in his numerous drawings upon these walls. *Florence* (No. 56) is a charming view of that delightful city, seen from a height, with the Apennines skirting the distant horizon, and the very atmosphere of Italy girding it about. *Genoa* (No. 76) is in the same style, and equally fine.

Miss ELIZA SHARPE has not equalled former efforts. Her *Recollections* (No. 60) have only her wonderful finish: the face is wanting in expression.

But we must reserve the rest for another notice.

NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS OF WATER COLOURS.—We regret that the friend who had undertaken to prepare the notice of this society has been prevented by illness. It will appear in our next.

The Art-Union, for May.

THE engravings in this number are LEHMANN'S *Grape Gatherer of Capri*; the *Princess Alice*, as Spring, from the statue by MARY THORNYCROFT, and COLLINS's exquisite picture *Crossing the Sands*, in the collection of J. GILLOTT, Esq. of Edgbaston. These are worth much more than the cost of the book. But beside these there are numerous woodcuts illustrating the applications of Science to the Fine Arts, original designs for manufactures, the new edition of "Æsop's Fables," and Mrs. S. C. HALL's delightful "Pilgrimages to English Shrines." All the intelligence relating to art at home and abroad is gathered here.

MUSIC.

The Gipsy's Life. Poetry by S. FARQUHARSON, Esq. Music by EDWIN FLOOD. London : Cocks and Co.

Victoria and our Native Land. Words by G. J. W. LAKE. Music by S. NELSON. London : Cocks and Co.

The first is a romantic, the second a patriotic, song; the outside attraction of the former is a clever coloured lithograph; the interest of the latter is all within. Mr. FLOOD has embodied the wildness and the joyousness of the free air, and the spirit of the woods breathes in his melody. Mr. NELSON, inspired by the loyalty which has made so magnificent a demonstration, has given utterance to his feelings in tones that will find an echo on thousands of lips.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

PARIS.

ROYAL COLOSSEUM.—In addition to the numerous attractions of this Establishment now exhibiting (Day and Evening), a new grand PANORAMA of PARIS by MOONLIGHT, as seen from a balloon suspended over the gardens of the Tuilleries, comprising 46,000 square feet, produced under the direction of Mr. William Bradwell, and painted by Mr. Danson, from Drawings taken expressly in 1816.—Open from Ten till Six, and from Seven till Half-past Ten. Music from Two till Five, and during the evening.

Admission, 2s.; Children and Schools, half-price. Caverns, 1s.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—On Tuesday last, a new play, called the *Fairy Tale*, an adaptation from the French, was brought out here with complete success. The plot is thus ably abstracted by one of the daily papers:—"A young widow, whose hand has been refused by a libertine youth who has never seen her, is determined to be revenged in a peculiar fashion. She attires herself as an elderly lady, assumes the name of a marchioness who is her aunt, passes herself off in this guise on all the élite of Genoa, and knowing that superstition is a weak point with the Chevalier, engages the services of a noted gipsy. The gipsy has made the Chevalier believe that she can produce diamonds by the hermetic art, and her patroness, to secure her ascendancy, provides her with jewels to carry on the deception. The Chevalier, when at the lady's palace, finds the door blockaded by his creditors, and implores his hostess to let him remain all night. The lady, feigning terror on account of her reputation, grants his request on the sole condition that he will marry her at once. His desperate position makes him consent, though he by no means relishes the possession of so elderly a wife. He has no notion of matrimonial fidelity, but having laid a wager with a friend that he will carry off a celebrated beauty, he is about to put this project into execution the very day after his marriage. His wife locks him in the precincts of the palace, and he grows desperate. The gipsy, who, by the miracle of the diamonds, can make him believe anything, tells him that by mistake she has given the Marchioness a potion which removes the effects of age; and, lo! the lady, having thrown off her disguise, becomes as young and fresh as possible. Unfortunately her memory seems to have gone with her years; she treats the Chevalier as a madman, while the police, who have only seen his wife in the disguise, seriously arrest him on the suspicion that he has murdered his aged encumbrance. Although smitten with the charms of his now youthful wife, he gladly has recourse to another phial, offered by the gipsy, which has the power of converting youth to age, in order to satisfy the police by the restoration of the ancient marchioness. After he has been teased enough, an! the lady is satisfied that he really loves her, he is undeceived, and allowed the possession of his happiness."

It was admirably acted by all, but especially by Mrs. STERLING, who thoroughly entered into the spirit of her part; and by Miss STANLEY, whose *Gipsy* was capital. This play will well reward a visit.

Mr. HENRY BETTY has accepted an engagement at the Surrey Theatre.

THE COLOSSEUM opened on Monday last, with that which will be the greatest attraction of the season, from the double interest of its intrinsic beauty and the events of which it has been lately the scene. A picture of Paris by Moonlight has taken the place of that of London by Night; equal in size, and if

possible, superior as a work of art. It is indeed a magnificent production. The entire city is spread out before the eye, bathed in the moonlight, the shops lighted up, and every public building standing out distinctly to the view. The picture is taken from an imaginary height above the Tuilleries, whose gardens with their fountains lie immediately below, the latter glittering in the moon's rays, and seemingly in motion. After long gazing, it is very difficult to assure oneself that it is but canvas; that those vehicles are not moving, and those crowds not instinct with the murmur of busy idleness for which the Boulevards were once so remarkable. However familiar may be the visitor with Paris streets, he will scarcely have formed a distinct idea of the general aspect of the city until he has seen this panorama, which no person, whether dwelling in London or coming here for the shortest time, should fail to visit, as he will learn more of the locality that must, for a long time to come, fill so large a space in the history of our own days, in an inspection of this picture for half an hour than by any quantity of description in books. But, besides this, there are the attractions of the Sculpture Gallery, the Swiss Cottages, the Conservatories, and the addition of delightful music, well selected, and performed upon the piano, the harp, the saraphine, the organ, and the violin.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

CANZONE: LIFE, EARLY AND LATE!

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Lo! down, deep down,
The dewy valley, and then up and over
The mountains, with its setting frown
And early smile, the Sun!—Fair acolyte
Of morn he seemeth, scattering daisies white—
Earth's floor, like holy aisles, with flowers to cover!
But ah! when sink
That Sun's bright rays, and larks ring out their chorus
At fall of day, and on the twilight's brink
One last red beam is seen to shine alone,—
No acolyte seemeth he; but, stern as stone,
A Giant, frowning dimly, vaguely, o'er us!

NECROLOGY.

REV. FRANCIS SKURRAY, B.D.

ON the 10th of March, at Horningsham, Wilts, aged 73, the Rev. Francis Skurray, B.D. Perpetual Curate of that place, Rector of Winterbourne-cum-Steepleton, Dorset, and of Lullington, Somerset.

Mr. Skurray was born at Beckington in Somersetshire, Sept. 20, 1774, being the second son of Francis Skurray, esq. and Mary his wife, daughter and one of the co-heirs of Francis Hales, esq. five times Mayor of Bath. He was educated at Bath grammar-school, the foundation of which was laid during one of the mayoralities of his maternal grandfather. In May 1792 he was matriculated at Oxford, where he was a commoner of Merton College, and attained the degree of M.A. November 22, 1798. He was ordained deacon by Dr. Madan, Bishop of Peterborough, on letters dimissory of Dr. Douglas, Bishop of Salisbury, on the title of Upton Seudamore in Wiltshire; and Bishop Douglas ordained him priest on the title of Honingsham, where he has continued to reside from September 1797 until his decease.

His first preferment was the perpetual curacy of Imber in Wiltshire, conferred upon him by the Marquis of Bath. This he resigned in 1806 for the rectory of Lullington, county Somerset, in the same patronage, and in the latter year he was also instituted to the perpetual curacy of Horningsham (patron the Prebendary in the Church of Salisbury), of which he had been previously curate.

About the same time he was chosen to the Somersetshire fellowship in Lincoln College, Oxford, and proceeded B.D. January 28, 1808. In 1823 he was presented by that society to the consolidated rectories of Winterbourne Abbas and Steepleton in Dorsetshire.

In 1808 Mr. Skurray published his "Bidcombe Hill, and other Rural Poems." Bidcombe Hill is a lofty eminence in the hundred of Heytesbury, Wiltshire. A second edition appeared in 1824, and a third in 1844. To the second was prefixed, *An Essay on Local Poetry*; which was removed from the third in order to be published separately.

Mr. Skurray likewise published a volume of miscellaneous Poetry, called *The Shepherd's Garland*; A metrical version of the Book of Psalms, 1827; and in 1845 "Sonnets composed on various subjects and occasions."

He was also the author of several occasional sermons:—

"The Duties of loving the Brotherhood, fearing God, and honouring the King, illustrated and enforced; preached before two Friendly Societies," 1804.

"The Hopes of the Righteous in Death, a Funeral Sermon for Mr. Davis," 1807, 8vo.

"The Duties of Patriotism consistent with Christianity, a Sermon," 1811.

"Sermons on public subjects and occasions," Bath, 1817, 12mo.

"Sermons which have been preached on public subjects and solemn occasions, with especial reference to the signs of the times." Vol. II. 1832.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

MR. THOMAS WELSH.

ON the 24th of January, at Brighton, Mr. Thomas Welsh, the eminent composer and vocal teacher.

He was a native of the city of Wells, where at the age of six he was a chorister in the cathedral, and by singing the anthems on Sunday attracted the lovers of music from Bath, Bristol, Bridgewater, and still more distant towns, so that on the Saturday the city hotels felt the increase of visitors, and on Sundays the church was crowded to excess. The reputation of so young a singer soon reached the ears of Mr. Sheridan, who sent to Wells and engaged the lad for the oratorios, then conducted by Linley, at the Opera-house in the Haymarket. On his first performance the boy founded a reputation, which, until that period, it had never been the fate of any child to enjoy; and an engagement followed for the stage, during which he performed in many operas, written expressly to exhibit his powers. The first was "The Prisoner," by Attwood; this was succeeded by "The Prize," "The Adopted Child," "The Mariners," "The Cherokee," and "Lodoiska." Through the liberal feelings of Mr. Kemble, who bestowed great pains on him, he was also brought into notice as an actor; Mr. Kemble conceiving, on Welsh's performing the character of Prince Arthur, in King John, that he displayed a mind well suited to the stage.

His musical education, however, still continued to be carefully attended to, and his masters were Horn, senior, John Cramer, and Baumgarten; with the last gentleman he studied the theory of music, and was his favourite pupil. The works produced by Welsh, when about twenty-three years of age, were the farces of "The Green-eyed Monster," and "Twenty Years Ago," at the Lyceum Theatre, and a full opera at Covent-garden, entitled "Kamtskata," which, although not successful as a drama, gave the composer of the music great scope, and placed Welsh high in his profession, for taste and song writing, and ability in the arrangement of the orchestra.

He was afterwards chiefly engaged in the education of pupils for the stage. He brought forward the following eminent vocalists:—Miss Stephens, Mr. Sinclair, Mr. C. Horn, Miss Merry, Miss Wilson (whom he married), and Miss Shirreff.—He composed several dramatic pieces, songs, glees, &c.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

THOMAS COLE.

IT is with the deepest pain we record the death of this eminent artist, at his residence at Catskill. The immediate cause of his death is at present unknown to us, though we had been aware he had been slightly unwell for a week or two prior to his decease. To those who knew him in his private relations his loss will be irreparable, for he was a true Christian gentleman, and possessed fewer faults and more virtues than fall to the lot of most men. Of these we forbear at present to speak, lest the magnitude of the loss, so recent in our minds, should swell eulogy into extravagance. The world of American Art may be said to have lost its foremost man. The influence which he exerted upon it was powerful as it was beneficial; the originality of his conceptions, and the truthfulness of his delineations, made him at once the founder of a national landscape school, and the best interpreter of the teachings of American nature. The public have lost an inestimable source of beauty and enjoyment, for his career was ever onward, and great as have been his works, there were greater yet behind. It is impossible to say to what an elevation ten years more would not have raised him; but he has been snatched away while yet a young man, at the very turning-point of his career, just as his national fame promised to expand into a world-renown. His place will long, we fear, remain unfilled amongst us. We look about in vain for the poet who shall present us with other epics like *The Voyage of Life* and *The Course of Empire*, or who shall complete the great Christian poem, *The Cross and the World*, the

fourth picture of which stands now unfinished on his easel.

The life of Mr. Cole, we hope, will find a fit biographer. It was full of earnest teachings to the artist, and the many manuscripts he has left will be to him invaluable, and interesting to all. We trust they will be given to the world. Some considerations on his works and genius we hope ourselves to present in a future number of this journal.—*Literary World.*

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

ARUNDELL.—On the 27th ult. at Wardour Castle, the lady of the Right Hon. Lord Arundell, of a daughter.

LEWES.—On Thursday, the 11th inst., the wife of G. H. Lewes, Esq. of Kensington, of a son.

MONTGOMERY.—On the 4th inst. at 51, Torrington-square, London, the lady of the Rev. Robert Montgomery, of a daughter.

MARRIAGE.

BRYANS, the Rev. William. B.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge, to Sophia Anna Lonsdale, youngest daughter of the Bishop of Lichfield, on the 29th ult. at Trinity Church, Marylebone.

DEATHS.

ANDERSON, Mrs. the vocalist. She was formerly known as the beautiful Josephine Bartolozzi. Her father was the famous engraver, Bartolozzi, and her surviving sister is the celebrated Madame Vestris. On the 1st inst. at St. John's Wood, of consumption, aged 41.

CAIRNS, the Rev. Dr. Professor of Logic and Belles Lettres in the Royal Belfast Institution for the long period of thirty-three years, and author of an elaborate metaphysical work on "Moral Freedom," at Belfast, aged 64.

TATE, William, Esq. author of the "Modern Cambist," &c. on the 29th ult. at his residence, Charles-square, in his 65th year.

TERRY, the Rev. Michael, M.A. Rector of Dummer, Hants, on Saturday, the 22nd ult.

M'KENNY, the Rev. John, Wesleyan minister. He was a native of Newry, in Ireland, and received his first appointment as a Wesleyan Missionary, to the Cape of Good Hope in 1813. In 1816 he was appointed to Ceylon, and in 1835 to Sydney, New South Wales. In the labours of more than thirty years he rendered good service to the cause of religion. On Sunday, October, 31, at Sydney, New South Wales, aged 57.

WARDE, Charles James Robert Prescott Warde, eldest son of the late James Prescott Warde, tragedian, on the 7th inst. of consumption, in his 26th year.

JOURNAL OF SCIENCE, &c.

METROPOLITAN SEWAGE MANURE COMPANY.

SINCE last we reported the proceedings of this important Company, the directors have been busily engaged in the preparation of the works. The mode in which the Sewage is to be conveyed to their station at Stanley Bridge is not yet definitely arranged. The plan sanctioned by the Company's Act does not quite meet the views of the new Commissioners of Sewers, who have suggested others which are more in accordance with their own designs, and the Directors have intimated their anxious desire to co-operate with the commissioners in every thing, and to adopt any plan which may in the opinion of the commissioners best advance the interests of the public. The commissioners have referred the plan of the Company to their two surveyors, Mr. Austin and Mr. Phillips, and each has suggested a different method for the conveyance of the Sewage out of town to the Company's station, and as the commissioners have not yet decided which of them they should prefer, the directors of the Company have been unable to proceed with that portion of their works. In the mean while, however, they have not been idle. They have purchased the land for the station, and commenced the construction of the well: they have bought the steam-engines and have contracted for the pipes, a great portion of which are delivered, and all these purchases have been made at prices considerably below the estimates. Their hope is that the machinery will be erected in time to enable them to supply the extensive market-gardens in the neighbourhood of the station during the hot months of the ensuing summer with water, from which they calculate upon an immediate return, for the sums at present paid by the gardeners for water alone are enormous; whereas the Company's works will supply them with it in abundance at little more than half the cost of conveying an insufficient supply by hand, as is the present practice. Many erroneous statements have been circulated as to the proceedings of the commissioners in relation

to the Company. But the fact is, as it must be obvious on a moment's reflection, that the objects of both are identical—namely, to remove the sewage from London, the Company's works being only a completion of those of the commissioners; the business of the latter is to convey the sewage out of London in the cheapest and most effective manner; the business of the former is to obtain it by the cheapest means, and apply it to profitable uses. There can be no rivalry nor jealousy in this. It needs only hearty co-operation, and that the directors have been and still are most desirous to obtain, and they have resolved, in every particular, cordially to fall in with the views of the commissioners, and to adopt any mode of conveying the sewage to the station which may best accord with the plans of the commissioners. It has, indeed, been suggested by some that the Company ought to pay a rent for the sewage, to go in aid of the expenses of the sewers, and such a claim might fairly and properly be preferred to any new Company established with similar objects; but certainly, when it is remembered that the *Metropolitan Sewage Manure Company* have already received from the Legislature permission to take the sewage without paying for it; that they were the first to try the experiment, and that they have hazarded their money in a novelty, it would appear unjust now that it is proved to be profitable, to step in and demand payment for the sewage. Nevertheless, if the commissioners will facilitate their plans, and lessen their expenses by providing the means for conveying the sewage to their station, we presume that the Company would not object to pay for the advantages thus given to them in the form of a payment *out of profits*, after a certain per centage—say 10 or 15 per cent.—has been realised. This would be advantageous to both.

The half-yearly general meeting of the Company was held at the office, 7, Waterloo-place, on Tuesday, H. P. FULLER, Esq. in the Chair, when the following report was read:—

Although the directors considered it their duty, by reason of the late crisis in the commercial world, to retard rather than hasten the progress of the work generally, yet they deemed it essential to the lasting prosperity of the undertaking that no time should be lost in bringing a portion of their scheme into remunerative operation. To this end they mainly directed their efforts during the last six months to irrigating the market gardens and fields in the neighbourhood of Fulham. With this object they had caused the surrounding lands in that district to be surveyed. They have completed the purchase of the land for the station, and had also bought two steam engines, and contracted for a sufficient quantity of iron pipes on terms advantageous to the Company. Considering the commercial difficulties of the times, the calls had been pretty well paid up; but, upon the shareholders in arrear, the directors respectfully urge the necessity of payment, that they might be enabled to meet their obligations without unduly pressing upon those who have been more prompt. The directors were desirous of explicitly submitting to the shareholders the present position of the Company in relation to the commissioners of sewers, about which many erroneous reports had been circulated. The Acts of incorporation having given to the Company power to take the sewage, the directors immediately made the required application to the commissioners and obtained their approval. Those works contemplated a tunnel as a part of the plan, but the new commissioners of sewers having referred the plans of the Company to their surveyors, who in their report had taken different views of the best means by which the sewage could be conveyed to the Company's station, the directors, in their communications with the commissioners of sewers, acted in the spirit of conciliation, and expressed their anxious desire to accede to any reasonable suggestions, and to co-operate in any plan they might prefer. They therefore expected that an arrangement would be effected between them which might facilitate the objects of the Company, and promote those of the commissioners.

The financial statement, as read by the secretary, shewed that the receipts of the Company had amounted to 14,853l. 10s. and the disbursements to 10,831l. 1s. 1d.; and that the assets of the Company 21,665l. 10s. 9d. while the liabilities were only 12,435l. 8s. 1d.

The eighth anniversary of the Royal Orthopaedic Hospital, Bloomsbury-square, takes place at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate-street, on Wednesday, the 17th instant. In this valuable institution 1,385 patients have been admitted during the past year, making 7,000 since the opening of the charity. Though the number of patients admitted into the wards during the past year has exceeded that of any former year, there are still 250 cases whose treatment must be deferred until additional funds are procured.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

The friends and supporters of the Royal Literary Fund celebrated the fifty-sixth anniversary of that institution by a public dinner, at the Freemasons' Tavern, on Wednesday, which was presided over by his Grace the Duke of Northumberland. There was a goodly array of members of the republic of letters present, and complimentary toasts innumerable were drunk. From the report it appeared that during the year 1847 the following grants had been made:—History and biography, 3; theology and biblical literature, 2; science, 3; topography and travels, 6; classical learning and education, 4; poetry, 9; essays and tales, 4; drama, 3; medicine, 3; law, 1; making a total of 38 grants, 26 being to males and 12 to females, the aggregate grants amounting to 1,230*l.*—At the annual meeting of the Antiquarian Society on Tuesday, several members undertook to furnish in future not merely antiquarian disquisitions upon ancient stones and relics, but historical and biographical papers. Mr. Emerson, the American author, was present at the meeting, and he confirmed the story generally current last year, but by many disbelieved, that certain speculative Americans had entertained the project of purchasing and removing Shakespeare's House at Stratford-upon-Avon, had not the joint committee for its purchase and preservation stepped forward.—A new star of the fifth magnitude, and therefore visible to the naked eye, has just made its appearance in the constellation Ophiuchus. It was first noticed at Mr. Bishop's Observatory, Regent's-park, about one o'clock on the morning of April 28. It was distinctly visible to the naked eye, and equal to Nu Serpentis in brightness.—The Messrs. Sotheby, of Wellington-street, have had placed at their disposal, for public competition, one of the most extraordinary, if not unique, libraries ever submitted to the uncertain fate of the auctioneer's hammer. It is the collection made by Mr. Walter Eton, of Notting-hill. The great feature of this magnificent collection consists of books not printed for sale, many of which being upon vellum, and one of the two copies so taken; as, for instance, the series of the books of Common Prayer, in seven volumes, printed in black and red ink, and forming a fine monument of the present perfection of the art of typography. There are also many works on large paper, also of great rarity, the impression being limited to a few copies; some important books of prints, beautifully illustrated works with drawings, impressions from private plates, autograph letters, &c. and a complete collection of the valuable publications of the Roxburgh, Abbotsford, Maitland, Bannatyne, and other clubs, the whole forming a very extraordinary assemblage of books in sumptuous bindings, and presenting very choice examples of the art of bibliopegy.—The British Museum has been reopened to the public. The hours of admission until the 31st of August will be from ten o'clock till seven; and from September the 8th to April the 30th (from the 1st to the 7th of January excepted), from ten o'clock till four. During the recess several sculptural remains, originally collected at Nineveh for the French Government, have been added to the Gallery of Antiquities. The new erection on the site of the Townley Gallery is nearly finished.—The sale of Mr. John A. Ballantyne's library took place last week. The catalogue included the proof-sheets of several of the *Waverley Novels*, and of the *Life of Napoleon*, with the corrections of the author; with the original manuscript of the *Black Dwarf*; also the original manuscript of Southey's *Curse of Kehama*. The

manuscript of the *Black Dwarf* brought 28 guineas; Sir Walter's proofs of his *Life of Napoleon*, in 9 vols., were sold for 45 guineas; and 12 volumes of proofs of the *Waverley Novels* fetched 41 guineas. Southey's manuscript was not offered for sale. It had been sent to some person at Cambridge, who had failed to return it in time for the sale.—The inhabitants of the Lake districts anticipate a large influx of visitors this year, and are preparing accordingly.—The Washington Library has been purchased by Mr. Stephens, of Vermont, and it is said he intends it for the British Museum.—Among the unpublished works of Mr. John Quincy Adams—besides the "Fifty Years' Diary," to the extent of some two dozen octavo volumes—the New York *Literary World* enumerates the following:—"Memoirs of the Earlier Public and Private Life of John Adams, second President of the United States," in three volumes; "Reports and Speeches on Public Affairs;" Poems, including two new cantos of Dermot M'Morrough;" a Translation of "Oberon," and numerous "Reviews" and "Discourses." It is expected that the son of the deceased statesman will cause a complete edition of these works to be issued with little delay.—The will of Mr. Astor disposes of a sum of no less than 20,000,000 of dollars, about 4,000,000*l.* of our money.—The principal officers of the Customs department throughout the United Kingdom have received from the Secretary three letters received from the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, offering rewards for information which can be obtained of her Majesty's ships *Erebus* and *Terror*, employed under Sir John Franklin on a voyage of discovery, together with an extract from a letter received from Lady Franklin on the same subject; and that he has further been commanded to direct them to use their best exertions to make known the wishes of the Lords of the Admiralty to the masters of whale ships sailing from their respective ports, or to any other parties likely to afford the desired information.—The following is an extract of a letter from the engineer of the Niagara Suspension Bridge, published in the American papers:—"On Saturday, I raised my first incipient wire cable across the river, suspending it on two small frames some twenty-five feet above the crests of the brows or cliffs. This morning I tightened up and crossed over into Canada, and back again, suspended in an iron basket, attached by wire cords to pulleys which traverse the cables. It is a curious and beautiful ferry, and will work admirably, giving me the means of communicating between the forces on the opposite sides of the river with great expedition. The view from the centre is grand: the cataract to the left, the rapids beneath and below, the whirlpool to the right, and the cliffs on either side, present a most beautiful ensemble."

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"London, the 2nd of December, 1847.
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"I am, my dear sir, your truly obliged friend,
CHARLES WILKINS, S.L."

"A Monsieur Du Barry."

"DEAR SIR," "50, Holborn, 22nd Dec. 1847.

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"A. O. HARRIS (Optician)."

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(Rev.) THOMAS MINSTER,

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"I can with confidence recommend it, and shall have much pleasure in so doing, whenever an opportunity offers.

"JAMES SHORLAND, late Surgeon, 96th Reg."

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June 2, 1848.

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"Yours, dear sir, very truly,
(Rev.) CHARLES KERR."

"A. Monsieur Du Barry."

"9, Antigua-street, Edinburgh, Feb. 3, 1848.

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ARTHUR MACARTHUR."

"Stirling, Jan. 31, 1848.

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The following noblemen and gentlemen have given their names as stewards, and are anxious to extend the list:—

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TO THE CARPET TRADE.

ROYAL VICTORIA FELT CARPETING.—The PATENT WOOLLEN CLOTH COMPANY beg to inform the trade that their new patterns in Carpets and Table-covers for the present season are now out, and will be found far superior to any they have hitherto produced, both in style and variety. The public can be supplied at all respectable Carpet houses in London and the country.

The Company deem it necessary to caution the public against parties who are selling an inferior description of goods as Felted Carpets, which will not bear comparison with their manufacture, either in style or durability; and that the genuineness of the goods can always be tested by purchasers, as the Company's Carpets are all stamped at both ends of the piece, "ROYAL VICTORIA CARPETING, LONDON," with the Royal Arms in the centre.

The Company's Manufactories are at Elmwood Mills, Leeds, and Borough-road, London. Wholesale warehouses only at 8, Love-lane, Wood-street, Cheapside.

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